

COLLIER'S

For April 18, 1903

Containing the Third of a Series of Articles on Labor Subjects:
"Capital and Labor versus The Public," by Edgar E. Clark



THE PRESIDENT SPEAKING AT LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN

"If you want your children to be successful you should teach them that the life that is worth living is worth working for. What a wretched life is that of a man who seeks to shirk the burden laid on us in this world! It is equally ignoble in either case, whether it is a man of wealth or one who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow"

Volume XXXI : Number 3 : Price 10 Cents



EDWARD PENFIELD
FROM THE SUITORS BY
JOHN S. SARGENT

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The demand is proving remarkable for the special Japan-paper proofs of JOHN S. SARGENT'S
Official Portrait of

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WHICH APPEARED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO THE
APRIL HOUSEHOLD NUMBER OF COLLIER'S

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BEN-HUR FLOUR



DOUGH BOYS AT THE CIRCUS

"Oh, Dough Boys," cried the Boneless Man,
"Come beat my acting if you can."
"Indeed we will," was their shrill cry
"We'll do it and we won't half try."
Then, rushing to the circus rings,
They did the most amazing things.

THEIR legs and arms in knots they tied,
O'er their own necks they walked astride,
They rolled as hoops, till all the tent
Was lost in silent wonderment.
And all the crowd when they were through,
Thrice cheered the Ben-Hur Dough Boy crew.

The above is an
extract from
"THE DOUGH BOYS AT THE CIRCUS."

We will send FREE the entire book
containing all the adventures of this rollicking crew, with bright color pictures to entertain and delight the children, if you will give us your name and address, and the card or bill head of one grocer in your town who does not sell BEN-HUR FLOUR.

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ROYAL MILLING CO.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



It is Easy
to make light, flaky, rich bread
with BEN HUR FLOUR. Try it.
Results will pay you.



At Last! A \$550 "Mobile"

THE 1903 "MOBILE"

Developed to the Highest State of Perfection

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Every Reader of Collier's

should enter the April Lion's Mouth contest. It will take you but a few hours at the end of the month to sit down and thoughtfully consider the four issues of *Collier's* for the month and frankly express your opinion and tell the ways in which you think *Collier's* can be made better and more to your liking.

We are spending enormous sums to make *Collier's* the greatest illustrated and family paper in the world, and our readers will help us very materially in spending this money wisely by expressing fully their views through THE LION'S MOUTH.

To make your work easy, and to help us in studying the criticisms made, we have compiled a list of ten questions as follows:

1. Which of the four numbers published in April do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
2. Which article in these four numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
3. Which story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
4. Which drawing (this includes the cover) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
5. Which photograph, or series of photographs, do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
6. Which advertisement in the four numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
7. Which feature of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* do you think needs improvement, and how?
8. Which feature of the Household Number for May (issue of April 25) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
9. What feature of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*, if any, is not to your liking, and why?
10. What suggestion can you make that, in your opinion, will improve *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*?

The only conditions are these:

1. All the answers must be written on a single sheet of paper—on both sides if necessary.
2. The replies to the first eight questions must not exceed three lines each.
3. The replies to the ninth and tenth questions must not exceed fifty words each.

Aside from the fact that we offer cash and book prizes amounting to over \$3,000 for the year, with an additional cash prize of \$1,000, for the most valuable suggestions, and other prizes worth working for, the continued improvement of *Collier's* is a matter that should vitally interest every one of our readers.

Collier's is the only paper in the world that we know of which is influenced in its contents by the direct vote of its readers.

You have the same chance of winning the big prize of \$1,000 as if you had started with the first contest in January.

So, as soon as the issue of April 25 (the May Household Number) reaches you, you will benefit yourself by frankly stating your opinions.

Address all communications to

**The
Lion's Mouth**
416 West 13th St., New York



EDITORIAL BULLETIN COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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New York, Saturday, April 18, 1903

The Pope and the King



Frederick Palmer

Our correspondent is Mr. Frederick Palmer, who had already started for the scene of unrest in the Balkans, but who will turn aside long enough to cover the visit of King Edward to Rome. Mr. Palmer will then proceed to Bulgaria and Macedonia and send letters describing the conditions existing in that unfortunate corner of Europe,—and should war come, he will be on hand with pencil and camera to give our readers the best reports of the campaign.

Our New Office Building

THIS is a picture of the eastern end of our present building, and of the brick house that stands next door. A week hence there will be no house next door. There will be a lot of men digging a hole for the foundations of the eight-story office building we spoke of last week. This little photograph gives a fairly good idea of the size of our present structure in relation to the surrounding houses. Only a part of the main entrance to the building is visible and only a portion of the third story. Imagine a structure almost four times as high as that part of the facade shown in the picture, or, more accurately, four times as high as the brick building that is to be torn down, and you will have an idea of what *Collier's* new offices are to look like. The width of the new edifice will also be imposing. The doorway, as it is now, will stand in the centre, and the eight-story facade will extend on either side to a width equal to the brick house shown in the photograph. This will give a frontage to the office building proper of nearly sixty feet. As the construction progresses we shall show our readers by means of photographs just how fast we are growing. Perhaps, next week, if we can find the space for it, we will print a picture of the architect's design for the new building.



Where We Shall Build

The May Household Number

NEXT week's issue will be the Household Number for May. It will be as elaborate and interesting an edition as have been its monthly predecessors. The cover is from a design by F. X. Leyendecker, to illustrate the third of the "Incomparable Bellairs" series, "To the Tune of Little Red Heels," by Agnes and Egerton Castle. The illustrations in the text are in color, by Orson Lowell. The double-page illustration, as in former Household Numbers, is by Charles Dana Gibson, and will be reproduced by a novel and effective method. The "Inside Stories of Recent History" will be continued, the next story being contributed by Frederick Palmer, who tells of "How a Thirst was not Relieved." It is an "inside story" of the March on Peking, telling in a novel manner of the entrance of the Allied troops into the Chinese capital, and how the relievers and the relieved felt toward one another. The fiction of the number will be both humorous and pathetic, and illustrated in black and white and in color. The humor will be especially felicitous, with contributions from Elliott Flower, Oliver Herford, Hayden Carruth, and many others.

The Lion's Mouth questions will be found on page 23 of this issue.



HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT
United States Commissioner of Labor

Recognizing the fact that thoughtful men all over this country are giving more serious attention now than they ever have before to the problem of labor and its organization,

Collier's

has arranged for the publication of a

Notable Series of Articles on Labor Topics

Some of the articles have already been published, others are still to come,—but all are from the pens of those best fitted and most able to write on the various questions involved. Of this important series of papers, those that have appeared are:

The Insecurity of Labor

By Hon. Carroll D. Wright

United States Commissioner of Labor and
Recorder of the President's Anthracite
Coal Commission

In *Collier's Weekly*, April 4, 1903

The Ascent of Labor

By John Mitchell

President of the United Mine Workers of
America

In *Collier's Weekly*, April 11, 1903

Capital and Labor

By Edgar E. Clark

Grand Chief Conductor of the Order of
Railway Conductors

In *Collier's Weekly*, April 18, 1903

The other articles in the series will not be published immediately, but from time to time during the coming months. In arranging the series it has been our aim to present all sides of the question as clearly, concisely and justly as possible. The various papers will form an important contribution to the history and discussion of labor in the United States.



JOHN MITCHELL
President of the United Mine Workers of
America



POLITICAL STATISTICIANS have been moved by the enthusiastic reception of the President in the West to calculate his chances of re-election without New York. For some reason Mr. Roosevelt has not been as popular in his own State as elsewhere. His majority over Judge Van Wyck was small, and more recently New York has shown symptoms of an intention to step out of the Republican column. But, as the mathematicians point out, New York has ceased to be the pivotal State. Two hundred and thirty-nine votes are necessary to elect a President. If Mr. Roosevelt loses New York and Nevada but carries all the other

ROOSEVELT'S CHANCES

Northern States, he will have two hundred and eighty-three votes. He could lose Illinois and Indiana in addition and still have enough to win. The inside estimate of the States that the Republican managers are sure they will carry, with the electoral vote of each State, is given in this table:

Connecticut . . . 7	Michigan . . . 14	South Dakota . . . 4
Delaware . . . 3	Minnesota . . . 11	Vermont . . . 4
Illinois . . . 27	Nebraska . . . 8	Washington . . . 5
Indiana . . . 15	New Jersey . . . 12	West Virginia . . . 7
Iowa . . . 13	New Hampshire . . . 4	Wisconsin . . . 13
Kansas . . . 10	North Dakota . . . 4	Wyoming . . . 3
Maine . . . 6	Ohio . . . 23	
Massachusetts . . . 16	Pennsylvania . . . 34	Total . . . 243

It will be observed that the States considered "doubtful" include California, Colorado, Idaho, Maryland, Montana, New York, Oregon, Rhode Island and Utah. We venture to say without prejudice that six out of these ten will go Republican. On the figures it will be seen that the Democrats are beaten already even if they succeed in carrying New York. But this is a large country with many different kinds of climate and subject to great atmospheric disturbances. Perhaps the sturdy Democrat in looking at the terrifying figures will feel like that great man Captain Anson, when he had matched an amateur sprinter against an "unknown" who turned out to be the fastest professional in the world. "I can't beat this man," said the amateur. "He is two yards better than I am." "Run anyhow," said the gallant captain; "he may fall down."

DURING THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR of the affectionate West the West has certainly again displayed in its most unmistakable manner its good opinion of the President. In return, Mr. Roosevelt has made a number of interesting and important speeches. His address in Chicago on "The Monroe Doctrine" has excited attention abroad as well as at home. He said nothing essentially new about the Monroe Doctrine, nor did he even try to express the old sentiments in especially striking language. But he spoke with good temper and good sense, and both these qualities are needed in the discussion of the Monroe Doctrine when the fighting admirals and the fighting editors here and in Germany are doing their bravest to make it a source of international bad feeling. "The Monroe Doctrine," he said, "is not international law, and, though I think one day it may become such, this is not necessary as long as it remains a cardinal feature of our foreign policy and as long as we possess both the will and the strength to make it effective." This is a very just description of the present status of the Monroe Doctrine. Equally

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

sane is the President's rebuke of the fighting and talking admirals. "Boasting and blustering are as objectionable among nations as among individuals, and the public men of a great nation owe it to their sense of national self-respect to speak courteously of foreign powers, just as a brave and self-respecting man treats all around him courteously." He could not refrain from introducing a more warlike tone in the speech at this point. There was an old adage, "Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far." This ought to be the motto of the American people in upholding the Monroe Doctrine. The "big stick" is the navy. In the last two years, he was glad to say, great strides had been taken as regards the navy. "The last Congress, in addition to smaller ships, provided nine of those formidable fighting-ships upon which the real efficiency of any navy in war ultimately depends. We wish a powerful and efficient navy, not for purposes of war, but as a guaranty of peace. If we have such a navy—if we keep on building it up—we may rest assured that there is but the smallest chance that trouble will ever come to this nation; and we may likewise rest assured that no foreign power will ever quarrel with us about the Monroe Doctrine."

THE "SITUATION IN THE BALKANS," as the daily newspapers call it in disregard of the obvious fact that nothing remains still enough for a day in that caldron to be called a situation, would be more interesting as well as somewhat comprehensible if any one could tell the secret influences at work beneath the uprisings and raids and *coups d'état* of the troubled region. The published facts are that the Macedonians continue in active revolt, that the Albanian mountaineers have risen, that Turkish territory has been raided by

Bulgarian irregular troops, and that the King of Serbia has overthrown the constitution. The surmises are that Russia is encouraging the Bulgarians, that Russia, Austria and Italy have conspired to upset the Ottoman Empire, that Turkey has deliberately provoked the Albanian uprising by enforcing among the Albanians, who do not want them, the reforms demanded by the Macedonians, who urgently need them. The politicians have begun to fish in these troubled waters and the war correspondents scent the battle from afar and are preparing to hurry to the front. Up to the moment the peaceful representations of the "powers" have met with the customary response from the Sultan. They have been accepted with enthusiasm and applied in a manner that makes them absolutely worthless. The Sultan's management of his position is one of the most interesting feats in modern politics. Seemingly every power in Europe is deeply concerned in diminishing his authority or, at least, in preventing its wilful exercise over the Christian population. Actually, he plays the avarice of one against the cowardice of another to produce perfect inaction. One after another he has bribed the powers with promises—England, Austria, Germany, even Russia. To-day this half-mad tyrant is as powerful for evil as he was in the days when Mr. Gladstone was thundering against him and his compact with the Tory Government of Great Britain. It may be that the present outbreaks will prove his undoing, but those who follow what horsemen call "public form" will continue to back this old favorite who has outwitted a generation of European statesmen. He does not beat them, but, as the saying is, "lets them beat themselves." It is to their cowardice, corruption, jealousy and ambition that the world must charge the maintenance of his cruel tyranny over the Christian people of Macedonia and Armenia.

THE TURKISH FAVORITE

THE SECOND WEEK IN APRIL brought local elections in important cities of the Middle West, including Chicago, St. Louis, Columbus, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Toledo. In the last two places there were decided victories for picturesque leaders, with radical and even socialistic tendencies. In Cleveland, cheap railway fares seems to have been the winning platform, and in Toledo the re-elected Mayor, an adherent of the communistic doctrines of Tolstoi, seems to owe his strength largely to the proletariat; corruption did not win in either case. Chicago has been for some years setting the example to other cities in municipal elections. The good of the city is a far greater consideration there than it is in Philadelphia or St. Louis, for instance, or usually in New York. The Chicago Voters' League is the most successful experiment in America in the direction of freeing city elections from every consideration except the city's good. In the present election most of the candidates supported by it were elected. Mayor Harrison has

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

his good and his bad points, and there was in the mayoralty question no clear division between the good citizens and the bad. St. Louis, with the great Fair upon her hands, avoided the only clear moral issue before her, as neither party cared to support the District Attorney in his brilliant campaign for municipal purity. The Exposition will increase the public plunder. Let us hope that it may also, by arousing civic pride, hasten the end of the present marvellous corruption, which apparently surpasses Tammany. The government of our great cities is, on the whole, a distinct discredit to our people—a discredit not less than is now being furnished by the States of Delaware and Rhode Island. We believe, however, that these things can not last. There are more good people than bad, and the time will come when disgust at the tyranny of active rascals will be strong enough to sweep these parasites from their fat repasts.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS JUST NOW make a striking background against which to contemplate our good fortune. Although our relations to the outer world grow closer, we retain our separateness, and the opportunity to work out our happiness beyond the rule of force and the shadow of danger. The topic on which Washington talked more constantly and more feelingly than any other, after independence was won, was the situation which allowed us to make an unhampered effort to increase the well-being of man. The vision of what we might do for happiness in peace was the spur to much of Webster's most gorgeous eloquence. From Jefferson to Lincoln, from Franklin to our day, this has been seen by our deepest leaders as the ideal of America, as her contribution to the progress of the world. Holland, facing labor problems at this moment, can not allow them to solve themselves by experiment and discussion, but must summon force at the outset, because her very existence is endangered. France, longing for the advantages of democracy and republicanism, lives in such terror of the war machines about her that when the Socialist leader Jaures endeavors to reopen the Dreyfus case, and throw new light upon it, a shudder goes through hundreds of minds which, under fairer circumstances, would wish only for justice and the truth. It is almost impossible for an American to conceive the difficulty of solving

OUR HAPPY ISOLATION



questions on their merits in countries where the demands of labor contain a direct peril to the nation, or where the wrong to one individual can not be corrected without a possible weakening of the country's power, when this weakening might at any moment mean destruction. We alone among the leading nations of the earth have this heritage; and to keep it safe was the object of John Quincy Adams when he formulated the Monroe Doctrine, following the teaching of the great men of both parties who had preceded him. Without this fortunate isolation, we could not do the work of social readjustment and progress which is our greatest privilege and our highest duty; and our work is only partly done. Before we have solved our problem entirely we shall produce the world's goods still more efficiently, a still larger part of these goods will go to labor, and the whole scale of living will make a further rise. Any change in our position which should make us devote ourselves less fearlessly and completely to this task of working out industrial problems—feeding, clothing, educating, inspiring, freeing the whole mass of the people—would be a calamity to the world.

THE QUARTERLY REPORT of the State Department of Labor shows that immigration continues to increase in amount and decrease in quality. The year which ended June 30 last broke all previous records, but this year will go far beyond it. The March just past has seen about ten thousand more immigrants than the corresponding month of last year. The largest increase is among the southern Italians, and of all the immigrants who can neither read nor write, in the time covered by the report, just half are from southern Italy, which indicates the amount of educational work we are laying up for ourselves through the looseness of our immigration laws. Perhaps we are laying up danger as well as labor and expense. The problems ahead of us will not be more easily or more justly solved by the participation of hordes of illiterate foreigners. The most noticeable thing on the horizon is the organization of labor into a power. Well composed, made up of rational, industrious and educated men, the labor party, when it becomes a political party, as it

INCREASED
IMMIGRATION

may at any moment, may be a force making powerfully for widely distributed human good. But there are dangers, and there is no advantage in blinking them. A labor party which became politically dominant, which elected its own President and its own Congress, *might* be the source of unspeakable injuries, of the loss of much that our Constitution and our independence were intended to give us, and have given us. This government is for the people, of every land, and it is by the people, but even those of us who have most faith in the instinct and the virtue of the masses dread to see the quality of the average too recklessly degraded. The Italian Government is making an organized effort to encourage emigration, wisely perceiving that many of its citizens return richer and more enlightened. Secretary Hay has pointed out that another Government is using a less admirable method of inducing some of its inhabitants to seek our hospitable shores. Our land is one of refuge, but we must keep our moral and intellectual health. As immigration, constantly becoming more rapid, at the same time becomes more dangerous in kind, there is every reason for a stricter standard of admission.

A FOREIGN OBSERVER, asked what struck him most as characteristic of America, replied, "Accidents, homicides and general contempt for human life." Railway accidents, and no one punished; automobile slaughters, and no real legal control; lynchings on the increase; feuds among citizens; cables and trolleys in their wild career; mad dogs biting a dozen children at a time, with no check on the general canine freedom—such is the picture which often represents the land of liberty to the astonished European. The objection to such a state of affairs is not measured by the number massacred. Any self-respecting nation would spend a thousand lives in war rather than have one citizen unjustly treated. That the victims of automobiles, mad dogs or trolley-cars number few in the total death-rate does not touch the real disgrace. A reproach to our civilization is

CONTEMPT
FOR LIFE

involved, to our self-government. An American citizen should be permitted to walk along an American street in safety. If he is murdered by a devil-wagon, there should be redress. The children killed by rabies will not cause race suicide, but their fate is our shame. Better that a hundred men should legitimately die than that one child should be deprived of life through neglect or indolence. The death of a fireman in pursuance of duty, of a citizen in response to the summons that comes to all, has only the sadness of our common fate. Every death which is caused by crime, incompetence or indifference is an outrage. It is a reproach which a nation should use its utmost to remove. To treat such things with unconcern is as unworthy as is the Chinese indifference to military duty and courage. It is a fine thing for a country to defend its citizens in Asia. It should also defend its citizens at home. Is it not due to our patriotism, to our pride in the country to which

we belong, that a mother should be able to leave her child without the risk that it will be brought back killed by infuriated dogs? Should she not herself be able to walk the highways, which are free to all, without paying with her life for some rich sportsman's disregard of law? There is more than life involved in this reproach. There is the nation's honor.

PROVERBS AND APHORISMS are easily reversed, and Americans

have amused themselves for years by writing fables with morals contrary to the accepted endings. In our philosophy, the hare is more likely to win than the tortoise. Two successful and wealthy business men, among the recently dead, have left sayings—one of which Benjamin Franklin would never have thought of risking. "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," is the stereotyped saw. "My principle of economy," said Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, "was never to do anything myself if I could pay any one else to do it as well." The truest economy, that was—the saving of one's self for the most important uses. The greatest weakness of Mr. Gladstone as a political leader was that he could never allow a subordinate to do anything, and similar conduct is a weakness also in business. Mr. Swift, the pork-packer, has left a considerable collection of aphorisms behind him, all concentrated on the idea of making money. They evidently are intended for a philosophy of life, but not one of them is disconnected from thoughts of wealth and business. Just one has that freshness which marks the best American aphoristic wisdom. It is the one which limits the meaning of "mind your own business."

PHILOSOPHY
OF A BUTCHER

Next to knowing your own business, says our Chicago packer, the best thing you can do is to know a great deal about the business of your neighbors. That remark is racy, and it is true. The rest of the maxims, however, merely show the mind to which "business" is everything. They instill the necessity of hard work, a level head, ambition, and, above all, economy. "No man, however rich, has enough money to waste in putting on style." Mr. Swift doubtless could not have understood that a sense of style is at the basis of all real culture, of all art, of the highest civilization. There is good style and bad style, good taste and bad taste. The business man who has only the common-sense that belongs to business in its primitive forms dislikes both style and taste. "No young man is rich enough to smoke twenty-five-cent cigars, and never will be." Luxury, of course, is even more wrong, in such eyes, than style. Mr. Hewitt would not have written that aphorism. If the cigars that agreed with him best and gave him most pleasure cost much more than twenty-five cents he would have smoked them. Mr. Hewitt, though a business man, was liberalized by education, by environment, by participation in politics and in all departments of civic life. Mr. Swift's maxims represent the narrowest business point of view, from which the whole world is judged on the basis of small economy.

A GENERATION MORE and we shall probably look in vain among the very successful for the old type of business man. Many of our first millionaires became rich without the use of imagination or large ability, by obtaining a start with the approved methods of small business, and then the natural resources of the country and the lack of competition did the rest. There are to-day many who have made millions by the use of no other talents than those which enable a man to conduct a small shop successfully, but conditions in the United States are now such that exceptional success in business will only follow exceptional ability. With this change many of the old ideas must die. It used to be imagined that the head of an enterprise must be familiar with its every detail, and many a successful "self-made" man has boasted that if necessary he could do the work of any one of his men. Hence the exaggerated idea of the advantage of beginning at the bottom; the distrust of the higher education; the belief in long hours of work and in nothing but work.

THE NEW BUSI-
NESS MAN

Mr. Morgan did not begin at the bottom. He is an earnest supporter of kinds of education which have no immediate practical bearing, as is shown in his desire to help the fine arts in this country. He probably does not know how to couple a railway coach himself. The great business man of the future must be strong in larger ways than his predecessor. He must understand men; how to select them; how to play on them; how to let them alone. He must understand general economic and financial conditions. The methods of the small shopkeeper will not serve him. Mr. Armour, who built up a great butcher business, used to go to bed at eight o'clock himself and force his sons to do the same, in order to get in more work; and he cared nothing for pleasure or for self-expansion. The day of his species is past. The new business man knows that whatever gives him knowledge, understanding, taste, whatever liberalizes or enriches his character, is well spent; and so business is becoming dissociated from the idea of narrowness that formerly accompanied it. It now invites, in the search for success, many of the highest intellectual attributes of man.



MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

THE UNITED STATES IN MINIATURE will be one of the features of the big St. Louis Fair, should the plans of Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Brigham,

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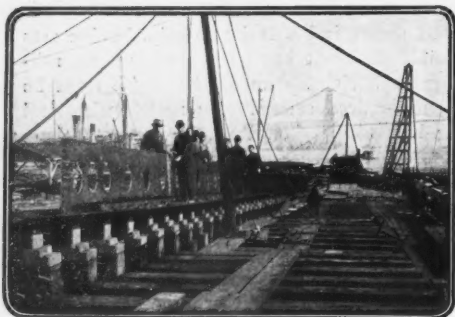


The Latest Portrait of Ex-President Cleveland

Chairman of the Government Board for the world's fair, materialize. The idea is to literally plant a map of the United States on a stretch of sloping land near the Government Building. The area will comprise about ten acres. The walks will form the boundary lines between the various commonwealths. The visitor may see the waving wheat-fields of the great West, the blue grass and Rye—or Bourbon—of Tennessee and Kentucky, the tobaccos of the Virginias, cotton in Georgia, rice and other products in Louisiana, Texas and the Carolinas. There will be oil, iron, granite, marble, and a variety of products to represent the endless variety of products of the Republic. . . . There is projected still another odd attraction on the banks of the old Mis'sip—a proposal of "Mark Twain." This is an old-fashioned ante-bellum steamboat race, from New Orleans to St. Louis, with poker games in the cabin, real old-time darters sitting on the safety-valve, a banjo chorus up for'ard, furnaces blazing with oil and hams and fat pickaninnies, a pistol duel between the captains, and everything prepared for a real old-time blow-up, should Providence so ordain. . . . The spectacle of President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland at the exercises at St. Louis will offer to foreign nations a striking object-lesson of the amicable relations existing between the two great American political parties. On that occasion, the greatest administrative and the foremost executive magistrates of the country will come together for the purpose of furthering the interests of a grand and comprehensive industrial display of the world's work.

THE PAY WAR ON THE WABASH RAILROAD was finally settled by an agreement arrived at in St. Louis on April 3. A deadlock on the subject of wages and working rules had lasted four months, during which period a general strike was prevented only by an injunction issued by Judge Adams of St. Louis, forbidding the Associations from calling out the trainmen, or otherwise interfering with traffic. This injunction was dissolved by the same Judge a few weeks thereafter and the Court furthermore earnestly advised an amicable settlement of the trouble. President Ramsay of the Wabash, who, it will be remembered, was actively instrumental in securing the issuance of the original injunction, was called to Egypt on account of the illness of his daughter. In the absence of President Ramsay, Acting President Ashley effected an agreement with a committee of the men. This important concession, which affects a great body of men, and a large range of shipping country, increases the pay of trainmen on the Western Division from 12 to 15 per cent. The Middle and Eastern Divisions will also raise the pay of trainmen when similar advances are made by competing roads. As a demonstration of craft, strategy, foresight and wisdom on the part of the contestants, the raid on the banks of the Wabash will remain unique in the annals of labor. . . . A general strike of all labor in Holland engaged in land and water transportation was ordered on April 5 by the Workman's Committee of Defence. This involves the railroads and shipping ports, and was ordered as a protest against the anti-strike bills.

THE FIRST OF THE NEW NAVY floating forts is now under construction in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where Government engineers have laid the keel of the *Connecticut*, one of the battleships recently authorized by Congress and included in the \$80,000,000



Laying the Keel of the Battleship "Connecticut"

appropriation for additional ships. This is the first opportunity that naval constructors have had to show what they can do in competition with private ship-building yards, and a keen rivalry has sprung up as

to the time limit of construction and the perfection of the ships when completed.

TEEMING HORDES OF EUROPE, if not of Egypt, are invading the United States. Westward-bound ships are loaded to the guards with immigrants for America and all statistical records are smashed to atoms by the unprecedented influx. And there is little prospect that the human tide will ebb during the next two months or more. Over 65,000 aliens entered the port of New York in March. Ellis Island, the immigrant clearing-house, is daily a Babel for nations. It is estimated by the authorities that the year's figures will show an increased population of 700,000. In one week in March the number of arrivals approximated 25,000—an army of Italians, Hollanders, Germans, Russians, Swedes, and nearly every other nationality under the sun. A large percentage of the immigrants come booked through for the West, principally St. Louis. The great public works projected and in progress have a great deal to do with attracting the surplus population of Europe. The two big canals, Panama and the Great Lakes; the St. Louis world's fair; the big Western crops; the gigantic railroad tunnels; New York's subway, and railroad extensions are the lodestones attracting the iron hand of labor.

AFTER BARON VON STERNBURG had made his farewell to the President at the depot in Washington—a simple act of courtesy which has

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Baroness von Sternburg

called out endless discussion in diplomatic circles and the press because of the "Dewey Episode"—he returned home to find a tempest in a teapot. It seems that the diplomatic family of the Baron is somewhat in discord. Several attachés of the German Legation were and are adherents of the late Ambassador Von Holleben, and because of certain breaches of etiquette, changes in the personnel of the embassy are slated for the near future. This may increase the felicity of the domestic circle of the charming Baroness

von Sternburg, who was Miss Lillian Langham of Louisville, Kentucky, and one of the noted beautiful women of the South.

FREE COLLEGIATE TRAINING at Oxford, England, is the opportunity of at least two young men in every State and Territory of the Union. The provision of free scholarships for American youths was made under the will of the late Cecil Rhodes, the South Africa "Diamond King." During the past three months Mr. George R. Parkin, representing the Oxford trustees, has been endeavoring to settle upon a method of selection with the leading educational men of the United States. It is probable that the nominations will be made by State committees selected for that purpose. In some States, appointments will be made in rotation by the leading colleges; in others, candidates will be chosen directly from secondary schools. It is expected that the first scholars will be selected before the end of the year; these will enter on residence at Oxford some time during the latter part of 1904. The age limit is twenty-four at entering Oxford, and the candidate must be a citizen or a son of a citizen of the United States, and unmarried. All expenses of the Rhodes Scholarship Students are defrayed by the executors of the South African "Pathfinder's" will.

THE RELEASE OF MRS. MAYBRICK, the "international peril," is announced for the spring of 1904. So will terminate the history of the most remarkable case of a woman not at all remarkable but whose misfortunes threatened strained diplomatic relations between this country and the "Mother Lodge," though much of the diplomatic temper never came to public knowledge. In 1889 Mrs. Maybrick, an American woman, was convicted of murdering her husband, an Englishman. She was sentenced to death. This sentence was afterward commuted to life imprisonment. Later, the judge who pronounced the sentence was discovered to be *non compos mentis*. As a matter of fact, he died in a madhouse. In the teeth of a desperate bombardment from both countries, insisting on the release of the prisoner, the British Home Office declared the trial impartial and fair, and refused to interfere. Monster petitions were sent from America, but without avail. Secretary Blaine appealed to Lord Salisbury, and petitioned the Queen, and an international "Maybrick League" was formed in 1896 for the purpose of soliciting a pardon. In that year two more popular petitions were sent to the Queen. The case is remarkable for the fact that there is no good reason to believe the woman innocent of the crime charged. It seems to have been a matter of misplaced sympathy and popular

sentiment all along. But for some occult reason public sympathy has always been hers. The fact that she is now required as a witness in a civil action may have given the Home Secretary a pretext to release her.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has been met with the "glad hand" in the West since he invaded that territory. Chicago received the Chief Magistrate with elemental frost and snow, but the citizens hailed him with open arms. He was made an LL.D. and the subject of a parody on our own Mr. Dooley. Here, besides laying a cornerstone, the President reaffirmed his stand on the Monroe Doctrine and cheerfully compromised himself on the trust attitude of the Administration and asserted his intention of enforcing the laws—whether applicable to postal looters, trusts or other iniquities. . . . That veteran observer of nature, Mr. John Burroughs, who was selected to accompany the President on his trip through the Yellowstone, has not only come into public notice through this fact, but has aroused considerable discussion because of an article recently published in a periodical, in which he criticises and ridicules a number of our best-known "Nature Writers."



Secretary Barnes, Mr. Burroughs and Dr. Rixey, with the President's train

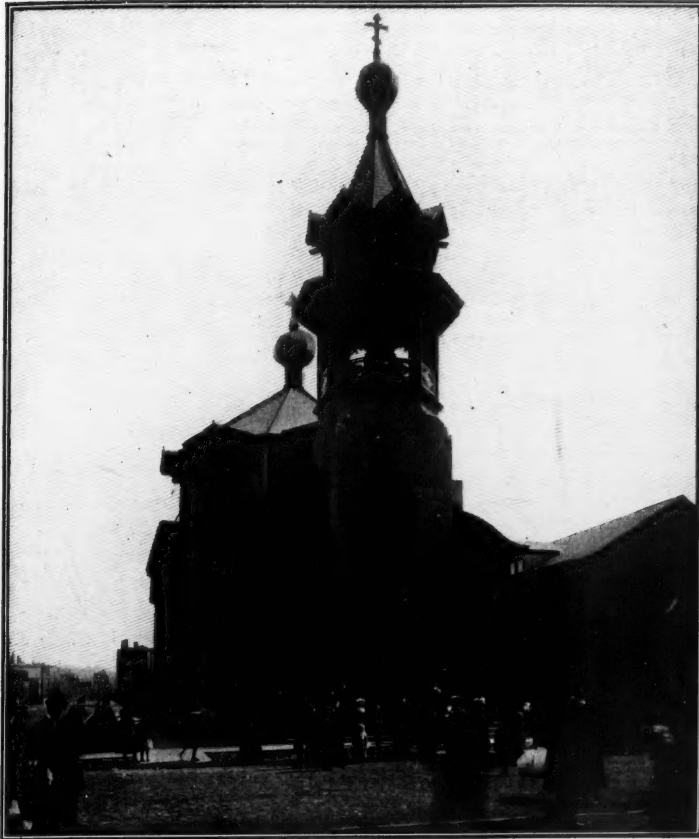
"TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS" has been a song of spring to the Continent these many years. The Turk, the Albanian, the Bulgarian, and the reforms of the Powers are all concerned in it. A lateral line drawn across the top of Turkey bisecting the Balkan range would pretty well determine the location of the citizens who are told by professional insurrectionists that they object to Turkish rule, or the imposition of strange creeds. Outbreaks finally materialized in the Albanian regions. The leader of the revolutionary cohorts is an evasive individual named Boris Saraffoff, a professional insurrectionist with a standing grudge against the Old Man of the Bosphorus, which he has consistently shown in every way in his power. At one time he was president of the Macedonian Society, as well as Bulgarian Finance Minister. The assassination of M. St. Cherbina, the Russian Consul at Mitrovitz, is laid at his door. The Bulgarians are primitive people, and restless, professional insurgents but believers in the possible formation of a new triple alliance as the result of an uprising in the Balkans. The Revolutionary Committee is held responsible for the attempt to wreck the Oriental Express, which occurred on the morning of March 31, when the bridge of the Turkish Oriental



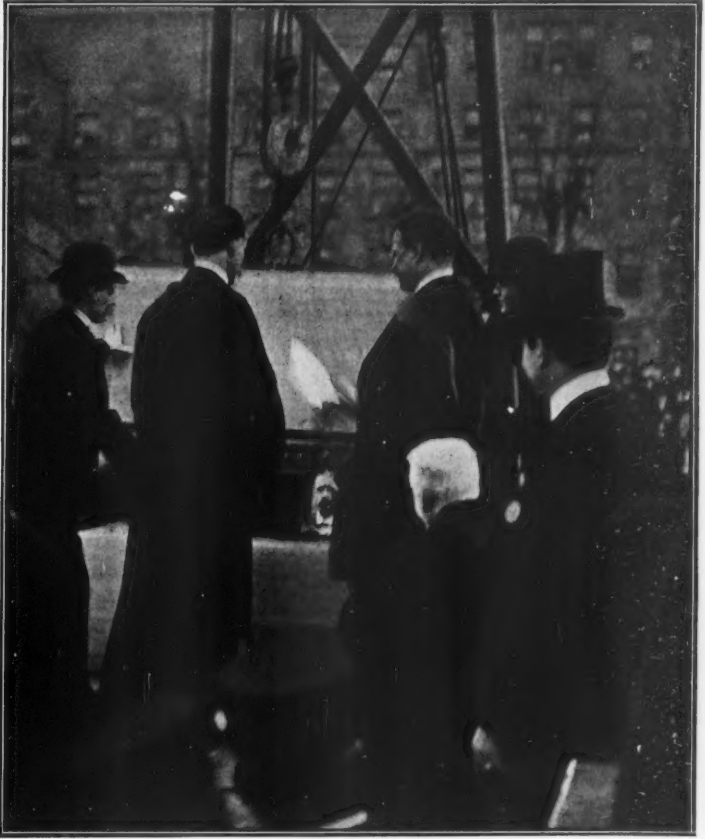
Bulgarians in Camp

Railroad between Adrianople and Mustapha Pacha was blown up. At last reports, over 20,000 Albanians had taken the field around Mitrovitz, to avenge their slain comrades, and several pitched battles have taken place.

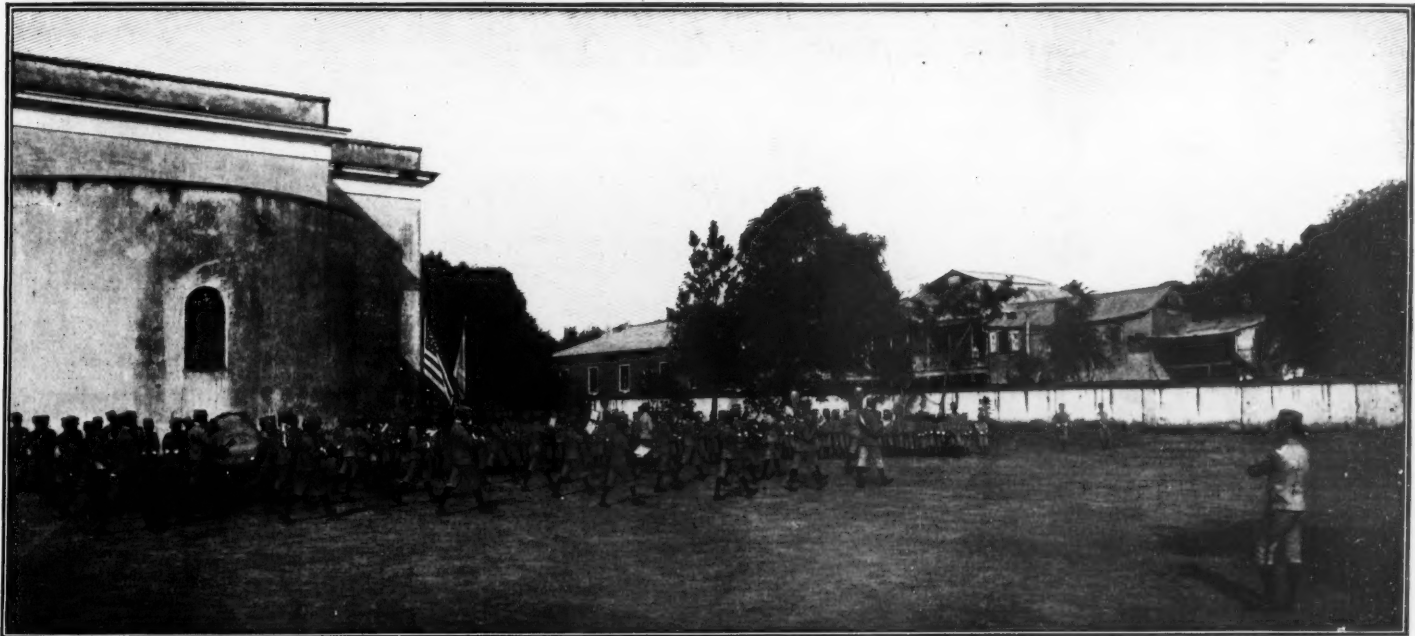
THE LIQUOR TAX LAW, passed three weeks ago by the Legislature of New York, advanced the tax on the sale of liquors fifty per cent. The new law takes effect on May 1, and it is anticipated will put many saloonkeepers out of business. As a result of the passage of the law, the liquor men have sworn vengeance on the Governor, and on the Mayor of New York City. As for the up-State farmers, the brewers and saloonkeepers will use none of their products—cheese or hops—and will make the consumer pay the increased tax necessary to permit them to remain in business. The free-lunch institution will soon be a relic of the past, and the "speak easy" traffic will be a fact of the near future. This summer will see not a "collar" but a "cuff" on Coney Island beer glasses, and the "growler" will be diminished to microscopic dimensions. An idea of the proportionate sum the increased tax will bring in may be gathered from the facts that the country's per capita expenditure for stimulants in 1902 was \$17.33 for 79,000,000 inhabitants; the cost at retail of all alcoholic drinks was \$1,100,000,000; the use of alcoholic beverages per capita has doubled in twenty years, and New York with her thirsty souls in 3,000,000 keeps up her end with unfailing regularity.



THE NEW RUSSIAN CHURCH OF SAINT TRINITY, CHICAGO,
DEDICATED MARCH, 1903



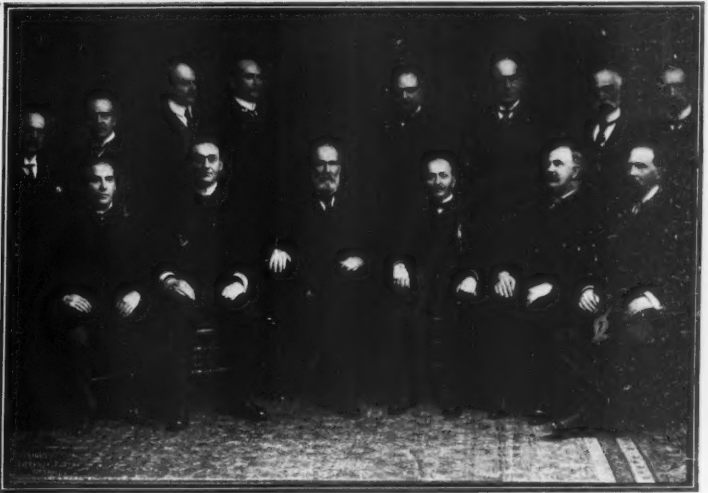
THE PRESIDENT LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE LAW SCHOOL BUILDING,
CHICAGO UNIVERSITY, APRIL 2, 1903



THE BOYS OF THE CHARITY SCHOOL AT SANTURCE, PORTO RICO, PARADING IN HONOR OF MISS ROOSEVELT



RECOVERING A SEVENTY-TON LOCOMOTIVE FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE
CUYAHOGA, CLEVELAND, OHIO

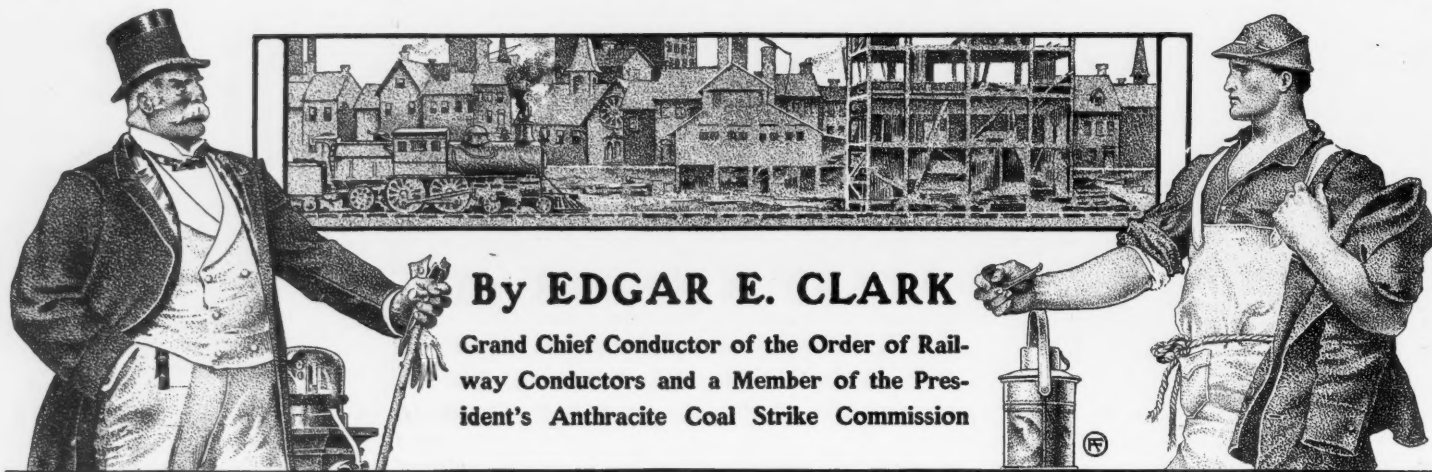


PREMIERS AND ATTORNEYS-GENERAL FROM PROVINCES OF THE
DOMINION OF CANADA

THE FOCUS OF THE TIME

A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF CURRENT EVENTS

CAPITAL and LABOR versus The PUBLIC



IN ALL IMPORTANT conflicts between capital and labor which result in stopping production or transportation, three great interests are involved. Capital and labor are involved as the principals in a contest in which each strives to gain conditions most favorable to itself. The third interest involved is the public, and upon this interest inconvenience and loss necessarily fall.

It is often argued that the public is an innocent sufferer helplessly placed between the upper and nether millstones of capital and labor, and that therefore the public is entitled to protection through the legislative branch of the government. Whenever a great industrial conflict causes general inconvenience in any locality, the people—that is, the public—immediately become deeply interested in the so-called labor problem, and those who have never given the subject any careful thought, as well as some employers who have an inborn and carefully nurtured antipathy to anything in the form of a labor organization, begin to clamor for legislative enactments providing for compulsory arbitration and incorporation of labor organizations.

Compulsory arbitration is a peculiar idea and a peculiar phrase. Compulsion is entirely foreign to the meaning of arbitration, and when compulsion steps in at the door the spirit of arbitration will surely fly out at the window.

The Public Must Exert Influence

Compulsory arbitration by legislative enactment, enforced by the judiciary and the police power of the State, would mean that, on the one hand, the employer might be forced to continue his business under conditions which meant certain and irretrievable loss and financial ruin, and, on the other hand, that the employes might be forced, against their will, to continue in employment which was unsatisfactory and unprofitable to them.

It is hardly necessary to discuss the principles which underlie our government and which have been instilled into our people, or the provisions of the Constitution itself, all of which seem to preclude the possibility, in this land, of compulsory arbitration through legislative enactment.

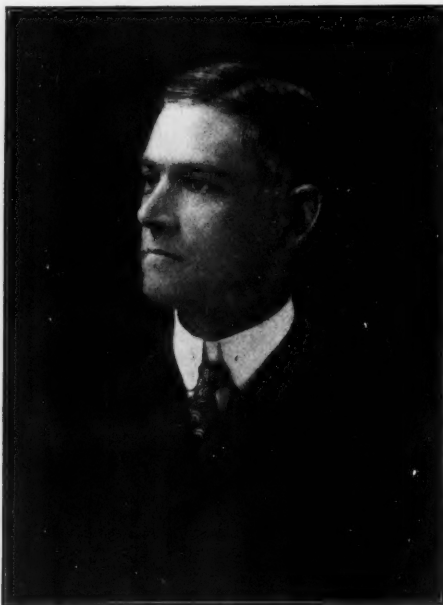
There is a way, however, through which the public can secure all the good effects and benefits which could come from such legislation, and that without any of the evils and ill effects which would surely attend an effort to enact or enforce such laws. If the public were to keep its interest in these matters awake, and exercise its influence upon them and upon the principals to the unfortunate controversies complained of, a public sentiment which could not be ignored by either of the principals, would be aroused and molded in support of the practice of adopting arbitration as a means of adjusting industrial disputes. No law can be successfully enforced or administered unless it is supported by public sentiment and sympathy. No important law can be honestly enacted unless it is in accord with the wishes of a majority of the people. The law is, therefore, public sentiment reduced to statutory form. If the public is really deeply interested in a subject which can not be reached by statute, it still has the power to substantially control it, if that sentiment can be crystallized in the proper direction.

The Public and the Recent Coal Strike

No industrial conflict was ever waged with more tenacity and determination on both sides than the recent strike of the anthracite coal-mine workers. There were no more signs of yielding on either side in October, when the public began to clamor for fuel for the winter's use, than there had been in July, when it did not need coal, and hence apparently took no interest in the controversy. Neither of the contestants showed any signs of exhaustion. Both could have held out all winter. But the sentiment of the public, as well as its needs, demanded that operation of the mines and production of fuel should be resumed. The public spoke through the President, and the President spoke for the public, when he called upon the contestants to find some way of adjusting their differences, at least to such an extent as would ensure

prompt relief from the impending fuel famine. The President's request was, of course, couched in courteous terms. It was, however, in reality, a demand in behalf of the public, which would have indorsed cordially any move which it might have been necessary to make in support of that demand. The force and power of public sentiment was felt and recognized. It could no longer be defied or disregarded. Arbitration, which had been available all the time as a channel through which to reach a settlement, but which had been thrust aside, was adopted as a means of adjusting the pending differences and of fixing the rates of wages and conditions of employment in the anthracite industry for a period of not less than three years. This was compelled, in a sense, by public sentiment. And so, if those who make up that public will take an active interest in these things beyond their immediate conveniences, they will be able to induce or secure a consideration of their rights through respect for public opinion which they can not get through legislation.

These thoughts appeal principally to the selfish side



EDGAR E. CLARK

of those who compose the public. But each of them has a selfish side; and it is not possible in this article to discuss also the moral obligations which rest upon them, and which should impel them, even more strongly than do their selfish interests, to a wide-awake attention to these subjects.

And now a word as to the incorporation of labor organizations. The argument advanced by the attorneys for such employers as clamor for incorporation of labor organizations is that the unions should be obliged to incorporate and thus assume responsibility. Capital incorporates for the purpose of evading or limiting responsibility; and the attorneys of capital say that labor unions should incorporate for the purpose of taking on that which capital incorporates for the purpose of laying off.

Corporations were created as an avenue or agency through which to carry on business ventures which were too large and cumbersome, and which involved too much responsibility, if undertaken under the laws governing partnerships. Ever since they were created the best of legal and other talent has been employed in the building up of statutory law favorable to their ends and existence. The liabilities of the corporation for corporate acts only are clearly defined. The liabilities and exemptions of the stockholders are fixed and definite. The corporation can not be held for the

individual act of one of its stockholders, no matter how flagrantly that act may violate civil or criminal law. The stockholder can not be held liable for corporate acts or debts. His only liability in the ordinary corporation is limited to the possibility of his stock becoming worthless.

It is urged that a labor union should be held responsible for losses which might occur to others, as a result of a strike which the members of the union might inaugurate. Let us see. An industry is established at a point which necessitates building up a settlement or town around the works. In the course of years many of the employes purchase homes there with their savings. Others come in and establish themselves in trades, dependent, of course, upon the patronage of the employes of the industry which has made the town. Now comes the merger, or trust, which has gained control of the industries of that nature, and buys this particular factory or mill and decides that its effort to control the commodity demands that the establishment shall be closed indefinitely. The employe's income is cut off entirely. His home is of doubtful value, because he can neither sell nor rent it unless the factory or mill is operated. He must go elsewhere for employment. The tradesman's business is gone and he, too, must sacrifice much, or all. No one thinks of holding the corporation legally liable for these losses. It has simply exercised its right to operate its property or close it down as it chooses.

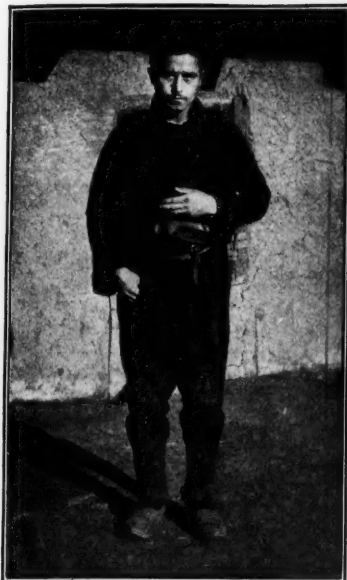
When Employés Are Dissatisfied

On the other hand: The employes of that same industry believe that there are questions affecting their wages and terms of employment which need adjusting. The employer refuses to adjust them, and, perhaps, refuses to even talk with them about adjustment. The employes agree among themselves that they will retire from the service in concert. They do so; and the industry, of necessity, stops. The employer may not be able to get other employes and the revenues from operation are cut off from both employer and employe. Others who depend upon the output of that industry are inconvenienced and suffer loss. Will any one say that an incorporated labor union to which those men belonged would be legally liable for those losses? Would the employes not have exercised their simple right to work or refrain from working as they chose?

It is contended that violations of law are committed in connection with strikes. Unfortunately, that is true; but if a labor union were incorporated could it be legally or reasonably held responsible for other than corporate acts; that is, acts of, or authorized by, the officers or directors of the corporation? If any man, member of a labor union or capitalist or vandal, commits a criminal act, he alone should be held responsible for it unless he is in conspiracy with others to perform unlawful acts, when, of course, all participants should be held responsible. An incorporated labor union could be, and should be, held responsible for the acts of its chosen officers and agents, and the members of the union would have to look to their officers and agents to see that no unlawful act was authorized.

Concerning the Incorporation of Unions

There is no consistency in demanding that labor unions shall incorporate under laws especially constructed and intended for corporations of capital. If it is desired that labor unions shall incorporate, it is incumbent upon the legislators to provide the foundation by enacting healthy, reasonable and fair laws under which such corporations can be formed, with full knowledge and clear understanding of the liabilities assumed, and the exemptions enjoyed, thereunder. The liabilities of an incorporated labor union, and of its members, as such, should be substantially the same relatively as those imposed, for pecuniary profit, upon the corporation and its stockholders. The exemptions guaranteed to the individual member of the incorporated union should be as liberal as those extended to the individual stockholder of the corporation of capital. Labor unions, as such, do not wish to avoid responsibilities which properly belong to them; but they will hardly incorporate under existing laws, for the purpose of taking on responsibilities which they should not be expected to bear.



A Macedonian whose bones were broken by the Turks for refusing to betray his friends



REFUGEES FLEEING INTO BULGARIA



One of the most active of the leaders of Macedonian Insurgents, in full campaign costume



BUYING HORSES FOR THE BULGARIAN ARMY



BRINGING IN HORSES FOR THE ARMY



A BULGARIAN FRONTIER OFFICER



A BULGARIAN OUTPOST

THE UNREST ON THE BULGARIAN FRONTIER



JUNEAU, THE NEW CAPITAL OF ALASKA

The city is located on the mainland one hundred and seventy miles northeast of Sitka, the old capital, where the Governor still lives, and where the jail, an essential institution, is located. The Land Office, a very important part of the Government's headquarters in a mining country, is now at the new capital, and the United States District Judge and United States Marshal for that district have official residence there. By reason of its central location and its long-established commercial importance,

Juneau was an excellent choice for the new capital. The city has a population of about two thousand. It has electric light and water systems, large docks and coal bunkers, a large school, well-built residences, a hospital with ample accommodation for about sixty patients, Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Greek, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, good streets and an efficient fire department. The climate is never very harsh in winter, the temperature rarely falling to zero, and the summers are never uncomfortably warm.

From New York to Cape Horn Without Change of Cars!



MOVED BY NATIONAL PRIDE, or possibly spurred to action by the universal and continued praise bestowed upon the Czar now that he has actually completed the longest railroad in the world, Mr. Carnegie has actively embarked upon a rival scheme of even far greater magnitude, for his plan contemplates nothing less than carrying out James G. Blaine's life project of connecting the railway systems of the United States with those of the South American republics.

As a guarantee of good faith, and to show that he is in earnest, Mr. Carnegie has begun by offering to defray the expenses of a Pan-American Commissioner who is to visit the heads of the various South American republics to secure their co-operation. Should the South Americans prove as enthusiastic as are their representatives at Washington, Mr. Carnegie promises to finance the scheme of a Pan-American railway and raise the \$200,000,000 necessary to construct the missing links between New York and Buenos Ayres.

The total distance between the two cities is something over ten thousand miles, of which fully five thousand miles still remain to be constructed—a distance in itself as great as the entire length of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Once actual work is begun, it seems needless to state, other great railway projects, not excepting even the Cape to Cairo line, will be thrown far into the shade, for the contemplated Pan-American railroad will permit passengers to board the American through train hundreds of miles north of New York, at Halifax, and travel across two continents, landing almost within hailing distance of the Antarctic Circle.

Yankee Energy to Predominate

From its inception to its finish, the Latin-Americans seem quite willing that Yankee thought and energy shall predominate in the carrying out of the great intercontinental project. It was fifty years ago that the Pan-American railroad was first mooted, a patriotic American offering a prize of \$5,000 for the best essay on the advantages to be derived from the building of a railroad binding together the countries of North and South America. The prize was awarded many years ago, and its donor, now a very old gentleman, still lives in Washington, hoping that he may yet see the idea he originated become a reality.

In 1890 the project was taken up by James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State. A Pan-American conference was held at the National capital, and until the time of his death Mr. Blaine worked indefatigably to carry the plan to success. The United States Government appropriated \$360,000 for surveys, which were made, and it seemed as though actual work were about to begin; but after the death of Mr. Blaine little progress was made until last year, when, at the Pan-American Congress held in the City of Mexico, it was recommended that the United States take the initiative and appoint a Commissioner to carry out the recommendations made by the Congress. Secretary Hay has in consequence just appointed Mr. Charles M. Pepper as special representative to the heads of the South American republics, and Mr. Carnegie will pay the expenses of this investigation.

It is a strange coincidence that Mr. A. J. Cassatt, Chairman of the first Pan-American Congress, in 1890, is now President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has a mileage just equal to the distance from New York to Buenos Ayres, and annual gross earnings exactly sufficient to build the missing links of the intercontinental line. The Pennsylvania Railroad, too, will form the first section of the through route.

Although the quickest way to reach Buenos Ayres is

By Alexander Hume Ford

still via Europe, the intercontinental railroad has made some progress since our surveys were made for its extension, so that it will soon be possible to travel by direct train from New York to Ayutla, on the border of Guatemala, a distance of some 3,760 miles. But from Ayutla to Cuzco, in the mountains of southern Peru, there is a gap of nearly five thousand miles to be built.



THE PROPOSED PAN-AMERICAN RAILWAY

The solid lines represent completed sections of railroad. The parallel lines indicate projected roads which, when completed, will form a continuous steel highway crossing the two continents from north to south, joining Alaska to Cape Horn.

All other railroad projects pale in comparison with this, as for almost the entire distance freight and passengers must be carried above the clouds. Great stretches of uninhabited country must be crossed, and an area that may never prove supporting to a railroad must be bridged. Water may have to be carried for hundreds of miles to feed the boiler of the locomotive, and passengers may have to rest a few days at some intermediary point before their lungs become accustomed to breathing rarefied air, so that they can safely resume their journey. Such are some of the difficulties to be encountered in building a railroad along the ridge of the Andes. But both in Ecuador and Peru, American engineers have already laughed at difficulties that would stagger less daring constructors, and the Pan-American Railroad will cross the highest railroads in the world on its route to Cuzco, where the railroad systems of Chili and the Argentine Republic will meet the great transcontinental trunk line.

The cost of the missing link will be, it is estimated, in the neighborhood of \$200,000,000, or about the amount that it cost to build the Trans-Siberian Railway. Fully ten years must elapse before we can hope to travel on through trains from New York to Buenos Ayres, and even then the time of transit will probably prove disappointing to many. At an average speed of twenty-five miles an hour, day and night, some seven-teen days would be consumed making the trip.

The two hundred thousand miles of railway in North America, however, would be united with a system of fifteen thousand miles in the southern continent, and all history has shown that rapid means of communication develop commerce, so that it is in the improvement of our somewhat unsatisfactory trade relations with South America that we hope most for from our great intercontinental railway.

The Opportunity for Trade

At present the United States buys about \$120,000,000 of Central and South American products, or say fourteen per cent of our total imports, while we sell them only \$52,000,000 worth of our commodities, or but ten per cent of their imports; while Mexico, owing to her railway connection, sends us seventy per cent of her exports, while we sell her goods of an equal value.

Great as are the present projects for our intercontinental system, there is every evidence that by the time of its completion they will be greatly extended. The Argentine Republic and Chili are both building southward to Cape Horn, while Canada is constructing a railway to Alaska which it is expected American capital will carry much further north, perhaps to meet the railroad already building southward from Cape Nome; so that at the end of ten years America may have a cape-to-cape railway some fifteen thousand miles in length, or, if the scheme of the Denver company recently incorporated with a capitalization of \$50,000,000 is ever carried into effect, we shall be able to travel from any part of the two Americas by rail to Paris; for this company—encouraged by Kennan's travels across Alaska and Siberia, surveying a telegraph route, before the Atlantic cable was laid, and De Windt's later accomplishments—hopes to put an iron girdle about the earth. The Russian engineers of the Trans-Siberian Railway express their opinion that the American-Asiatic route, though expensive, is feasible, but their energies are turned southward to connect the Czar's Trans-Asian railway with the Indian system in Asia, and eventually, perhaps, with the proposed Arabian railway, which will have Cairo as a southern terminus. So that when all these projected railways are built—and there is no doubt of their eventual construction—we shall have a Cape of Good Hope to Cape Horn all-rail route, while every important city of America will have direct railroad connection with every large city of the five continents.



"MAN OVERBOARD!"

A STORY IN THREE PARTS

By F. Marion Crawford

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Ave Roma Immortalis," etc.

Illustrated by A. I. Keller



PART THREE

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS ONE AND TWO

In the crew of the schooner "Helen B. Jackson" were twin brothers, Jim and Jack Benton, who resembled each other so closely that their fellows could not tell them apart. Jack had one peculiarity: he liked to whistle "Nancy Lee." One night in a storm one of the twins is missed; the only conclusion is that he was washed overboard. The loss of Jim Benton is mourned by the ship's company, who are from then on frequently disturbed by weird and uncanny sounds resembling the whistling of "Nancy Lee." At the same time Jack behaves strangely. The mystery is increased when it is found that the amount of rations consumed by the crew remains the same, and reaches the climax when, one day, two forks are seen lying side by side on Jack's plate. The crew now become almost unmanageable, and leave the ship at Havana. About three years later it is learned that Jack Benton is to be married.



JACK MET ME at the station, and he told me that the wedding was to be late in the afternoon, and that they weren't going off on any silly wedding trip, he and Mamie, but were just going to walk home from her mother's house to his cottage. That was good enough for him, he said. I looked at him hard for a minute after we met. When we had parted I had a sort of idea that he might take to drink, but he hadn't. He looked very respectable and well-to-do in his black coat and high city collar; but he was thinner and bonier than when I had known him, and there were lines in his face, and I thought his eyes had a queer look in them, half shifty, half scared. He needn't have been afraid of me, for I didn't mean to talk to his bride about the Helen B. Jackson.

He took me to his cottage first, and I could see that he was proud of it. It wasn't above a cable's length from highwater mark, but the tide was running out, and there was already a broad stretch of hard wet sand on the other side of the beach road. Jack's bit of land ran back behind the cottage about a quarter of a mile, and he said that some of the trees we saw were his. The fences were neat and well kept, and there was a fair-sized barn a little way from the cottage, and I saw some nice-looking cattle in the meadows; but it didn't look to me to be much of a farm, and I thought that before long Jack would have to leave his wife to take care of it, and go to sea again. But I said it was a nice farm, so as to seem pleasant, and as I don't know much about these things I dare say it was, all the same. I never saw it but that once. Jack told me that he and his brother had been born in the cottage, and that when their father and mother died they leased the land to Mamie's father, but had kept the cottage to live in when they came home from sea for a spell. It was as neat a little place as you would care to see: the floors as clean as the decks of a yacht, and the paint as fresh as a man-o'-war. Jack always was a good painter. There was a nice parlor on the ground floor, and Jack had papered it and had hung the walls with photographs of ships and foreign ports, and with things he had brought home from his voyages: a boomerang, a South Sea club, Japanese straw hats and a Gibraltar fan with a bullfight on it, and all that sort of gear. It looked to me as if Miss Mamie had taken a hand in arranging it. There was a brand-new polished iron Franklin stove set into the old fireplace, and a red tablecloth from Alexandria, embroidered with those outlandish Egyptian letters.

It was all as bright and homelike as possible, and he showed me everything, and was proud of everything, and I liked him the better for it. But I wished that his voice would sound more cheerful, as it did when we first sailed in the Helen B., and that the drawn look would go out of his face for a minute. Jack showed me everything, and took me upstairs, and it was all the same: bright and fresh and ready for the bride. But on the upper landing there was a door that Jack didn't open.

When we came out of the bedroom I noticed that it was ajar, and Jack shut it quickly and turned the key.

"That lock's no good," he said, half to himself. "The door is always open."

I didn't pay much attention to what he said, but as we went down the short stairs, freshly painted and varnished so that I was almost afraid to step on them, he spoke again.

"That was his room, sir. I have made a sort of storeroom of it."

"You may be wanting it in a year or so," I said, wishing to be pleasant.

"I guess we won't use his room for that," Jack answered in a low voice.

Then he offered me a cigar from a fresh box in the parlor, and he took one, and we lit them, and went out; and as we opened the front door there was Mamie Brewster standing in the path as if she were waiting for us. She was a fine-looking girl, and I didn't wonder that Jack had been willing to wait three years for her. I could see that she hadn't been brought up on steam heat and cold storage, but had grown into a woman by the seashore. She had brown eyes, and fine brown hair, and a good figure.

"This is Captain Torkeldsen," said Jack. "This is Miss Brewster, Captain; and she is glad to see you."

"Well, I am," said Miss Mamie, "for Jack has often talked to us about you, Captain."

She put out her hand, and took mine and shook it heartily, and I suppose I said something, but I know I didn't say much.

The front door of the cottage looked toward the sea, and there was a straight path leading to the gate on the beach road. There was another path from the steps of the cottage that turned to the right, broad enough for two people to walk easily, and it led straight across the fields through gates to a larger house about a quarter of a mile away. That was where Mamie's mother lived, and the wedding was to be there. Jack asked me whether I would like to look round the farm before dinner, but I told him I didn't know much about farms. Then he said he just wanted to look round himself a bit, as he mightn't have much more chance that day; and he smiled, and Mamie laughed.

"Show the Captain the way to the house, Mamie," he said. "I'll be along in a minute."

So Mamie and I began to walk along the path, and Jack went up toward the barn.



One of his wet, shiny arms was round Mamie's waist

"It was sweet of you to come, Captain," Miss Mamie began, "for I have always wanted to see you."

"Yes," I said, expecting something more.

"You see, I always knew them both," she went on.

"They used to take me out in a dory to catch codfish when I was a little girl, and I liked them both," she added thoughtfully. "Jack doesn't care to talk about his brother now. That's natural. But you won't mind telling me how it happened, will you? I should so much like to know."

Well, I told her about the voyage and what happened that night when we fell in with a gale of wind, and that it hadn't been anybody's fault, for I wasn't going to admit that it was my old captain's, if it was. But I didn't tell her anything about what happened afterward. As she didn't speak, I just went on talking about the two brothers, and how like they had been, and how when poor Jim was drowned and Jack was left, I took Jack for him. I told her that none of us had ever been sure which was which.

"I wasn't always sure myself," she said, "unless they were together. Leastways, not for a day or two after

they came home from sea. And now it seems to me that Jack is more like poor Jim, as I remember him, than he ever was, for Jim was always more quiet, as if he were thinking."

I told her I thought so, too. We passed the gate and went into the next field, walking side by side. Then she turned her head to look for Jack, but he wasn't in sight. I shan't forget what she said next.

"Are you sure now?" she asked.

I stood stock-still, and she went on a step, and then turned and looked at me. We must have looked at each other while you could count five or six.

"I know it's silly," she went on, "it's silly, and it's awful, too, and I have got no right to think it, but sometimes I can't help it. You see it was always Jack I meant to marry."

"Yes," I said stupidly, "I suppose so."

She waited a minute, and began walking on slowly before she went on again.

"I am talking to you as if you were an old friend, Captain, and I have only known you five minutes. It was Jack I meant to marry, but now he is so like the other one."

When a woman gets a wrong idea into her head, there is only one way to make her tired of it, and that is to agree with her. That's what I did, and she went on talking the same way for a little while, and I kept on agreeing and agreeing until she turned round on me.

"You know you don't believe what you say," she said, and laughed. "You know that Jack is Jack, right enough; and it's Jack I am going to marry."

Of course, I said so, for I didn't care whether she thought me a weak creature or not. I wasn't going to say a word that could interfere with her happiness, and I didn't intend to go back on Jack Benton; but I remembered what he had said when he left the ship in Havana: that it wasn't his fault.

"All the same," Miss Mamie went on, as a woman will, without realizing what she was saying, "all the same, I wish I had seen it happen. Then I should know."

Next minute she knew that she didn't mean that, and was afraid that I would think her heartless, and began to explain that she would really rather have died herself than have seen poor Jim go overboard. Women haven't got much sense, anyhow. All the same, I wondered how she could marry Jack if she had a doubt that he might be Jim after all. I suppose she had really got used to him since he had given up the sea and stayed ashore, and she cared for him.

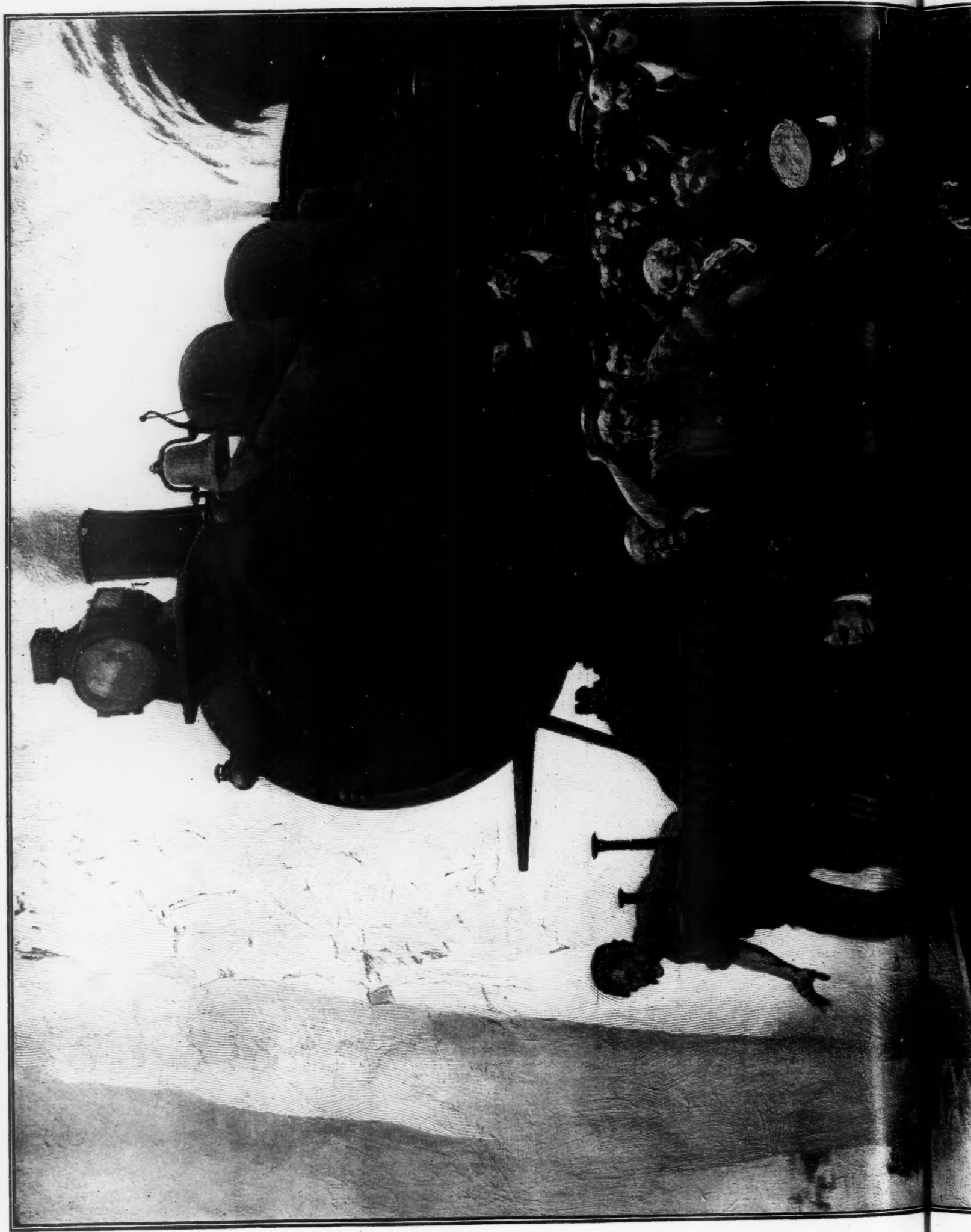
Before long we heard Jack coming up behind us, for we had walked very slowly to wait for him.

"Promise not to tell anybody what I said, Captain," said Mamie, as girls do as soon as they have told their secrets.

Anyhow, I know I never did tell any one but you. This is the first time I have talked of all that, the first time since I took the train from that place. I am not going to tell you all about the day. Miss Mamie introduced me to her mother, who was a quiet, hard-faced old New England farmer's widow, and to her cousins and relations; and there were plenty of them, too, at dinner, and there was the parson besides. He was what they call a hardshell Baptist in those parts, with a long, shaven upper lip and a whacking appetite, and a sort of superior look, as if he didn't expect to see many of us hereafter—the way a New York pilot looks

round, and orders things about when he boards an Italian cargo-dragger, as if the ship weren't up to much anyway, though it was his business to see that she didn't get aground. That's the way a good many parsons look, I think. He said grace as if he were ordering the men to sheet home the topgallant-sail and get the helm up. After dinner we went out on the piazza, for it was warm autumn weather; and the young folks went off in pairs along the beach road, and the tide had turned and was beginning to come in. The morning had been clear and fine, but by four o'clock it began to look like a fog, and the damp came up out of the sea and settled on everything. Jack said he'd go down to his cottage and have a last look, for the wedding was to be at five o'clock, or soon after, and he wanted to light the lights, so as to have things look cheerful.

"I will just take a last look," he said again, as we reached the house. We went in, and he offered me another cigar, and I lit it and sat down in the parlor. I could hear him moving about, first in the kitchen and then upstairs, and then I heard him in the kitchen again; and then before I knew anything I heard somebody mov-





A N A R R O W E S C A P E

DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH

This picture represents an actual occurrence on one of the Southern railways, where wooden bridges have not yet been replaced by iron and steel spans. In this particular case the approach to the bridge is through a short tunnel, which makes it impossible for the engineer to see anything of the crossing until he emerges from the mountain side, along the base of which flows the river. Few trains are run on this

branch; and thus it happened that, having caught fire from falling cinders from a passing train, the wooden supports of the bridge had completely burned away, the heat twisting the rails into fantastic forms, by the time the next train came along. The engineer was happily able to reverse his engine and stop the train just in time to save it from rushing headlong down the embankment into the water below.

ing upstairs again. I knew he couldn't have got up those stairs as quick as that. He came into the parlor, and he took a cigar himself, and while he was lighting it I heard those steps again overhead. His hand shook, and he dropped the match.

"Have you got in somebody to help?" I asked.

"No," Jack answered sharply, and struck another match.

"There's somebody upstairs, Jack," I said. "Don't you hear footsteps?"

"It's the wind, Captain," Jack answered; but I could see he was trembling.

"That isn't any wind, Jack," I said; "it's still and foggy. I'm sure there's somebody upstairs."

"If you are so sure of it, you'd better go and see for yourself, Captain," Jack answered, almost angrily.

He was angry because he was frightened. I left him before the fireplace, and went upstairs. There was no power on earth that could make me believe I hadn't heard a man's footsteps overhead. I knew there was somebody there. But there wasn't. I went into the bedroom, and it was all quiet, and the evening light was streaming in, reddish through the foggy air; and I went out on the landing and looked in the little backroom that was meant for a servant-girl or a child. And as I came back again I saw that the door of the other room was wide open, though I knew Jack had locked it. He had said the lock was no good. I looked in. It was a room as big as the bedroom, but almost dark, for it had shutters, and they were closed. There was a musty smell, as of old gear, and I could make out that the floor was littered with sea-chests, and that there were oilskins and such stuff piled on the bed. But I still believed that there was somebody upstairs, and I went in and struck a match and looked round. I could see the four walls and the shabby old paper, an iron bed and a cracked looking-glass, and the stuff on the floor. But there was nobody there. So I put out the match, and came out and shut the door and turned the key. Now, what I am telling you is the truth. When I had turned the key, I heard footsteps walking away from the door inside the room. Then I felt queer for a minute, and when I went downstairs I looked behind me. As the men at the wheel used to look behind them on board the *Helen B.*

Jack was already outside on the steps, smoking. I have an idea that he didn't like to stay inside alone.

"Well?" he asked, trying to seem careless.

"I didn't find anybody," I answered, "but I heard somebody moving about."

"I told you it was the wind," said Jack, contemptuously. "I ought to know, for I live here, and I hear it often."

The Wedding

There was nothing to be said to that, so we began to walk down toward the beach. Jack said there wasn't any hurry, as it would take Miss Mamie some time to dress for the wedding. So we strolled along, and the sun was setting through the fog, and the tide was coming in. I knew the moon was full, and that when she rose the fog would roll away from the land, as it does sometimes. I felt that Jack didn't like my having heard that noise, so I talked of other things, and asked him about his prospects, and before long we were chatting as pleasantly as possible.

I haven't been at many weddings in my life, and I don't suppose you have, but that one seemed to me to be all right until it was pretty near over; and then, I don't know whether it was part of the ceremony or not, but Jack put out his hand and took Mamie's and held it a minute, and looked at her, while the parson was still speaking.

Mamie turned as white as a sheet and screamed. It wasn't a loud scream, but just a sort of stifled little shriek, as if she were half frightened to death; and the parson stopped, and asked her what was the matter, and the family gathered round.

"Your hand's like ice," said Mamie to Jack, "and it's all wet!"

She kept looking at it, as she got hold of herself again.

"It don't feel cold to me," said Jack, and he held the back of his hand against his cheek. "Try it again."

Mamie held out hers, and touched the back of his hand, timidly at first, and then took hold of it.

"Why, that's funny," she said.

"She's been as nervous as a witch all day," said Mrs. Brewster, severely.

"It is natural," said the parson, "that young Mrs. Benton should experience a little agitation at such a moment."

Most of the bride's relations lived at a distance, and were busy people, so it had been arranged that the dinner we'd had in the middle of the day was to take the place of a dinner afterward, and that we should just have a bite after the wedding was over, and then that everybody should go home, and the young couple would walk down to the cottage by themselves. When I looked out I could see the light burning brightly in Jack's cottage, a quarter of a mile away. I said I didn't think I could get any train to take me back before half-past nine, but Mrs. Brewster begged me to stay until it was time. Her daughter would want to take off her wedding dress before she went home.

So when we had had a little supper the party began to break up, and when they were all gone Mrs. Brewster and Mamie went upstairs, and Jack and I went

out on the piazza to have a smoke, as the old lady didn't like tobacco in the house.

The full moon had risen now, and it was behind me as I looked down toward Jack's cottage, so that everything was clear and white, and there was only the light burning in the window. The fog had rolled down to the water's edge, and a little beyond, for the tide was high, or nearly, and was lapping up over the last reach of sand, within fifty feet of the beach road.

The Man in the Oilskins

Jack didn't say much as we sat smoking, but he thanked me for coming to his wedding, and I told him I hoped he would be happy; and so I did. I dare say both of us were thinking of those footsteps upstairs, just then, and that the house wouldn't seem so lonely with a woman in it. By and by we heard Mamie's voice talking to her mother on the stairs, and in a minute she was ready to go. She had put on again the dress she had worn in the morning, and it looked black at night, almost as black as Jack's coat.

Well, they were ready to go now. It was all very quiet after the day's excitement, and I knew they would like to walk down that path alone now that they were man and wife at last. I bade them good-night, although Jack made a show of pressing me to go with them by the path as far as the cottage, instead of going to the station by the beach road. It was all very quiet, and it seemed to

shortening with the unevenness of the ground beside the path.

I thanked Mrs. Brewster, and bade her good-night; and though she was a hard New England woman her voice trembled a little as she answered, but being a sensible person she went in and shut the door behind her as I stepped out on the path. I looked after the couple in the distance a last time, meaning to go down to the road, so as not to overtake them; but when I had made a few steps I stopped and looked again, for I knew I had seen something queer, though I had only realized it afterward. I looked again, and it was plain enough now; and I stood stock-still, staring at what I saw. Mamie was walking between two men. The second man was just the same height as Jack, both being about a half a head taller than she; Jack on her left in his black tail-coat and round hat, and the other man on her right—well, he was a sailorman in wet oilskins. I could see the moonlight shining on the water that ran down him, and on the little puddle that had settled where the flap of his sou'wester was turned up behind; and one of his wet, shiny arms was round Mamie's waist, just beneath Jack's. I was fast to the spot where I stood, and for a minute I thought I was crazy. We'd had nothing but some cider for dinner, and tea in the evening, otherwise I'd have thought something had got into my head, though I was never drunk in my life. It was more like a bad dream after that.

I was glad Mrs. Brewster had gone in. As for me, I couldn't help following the three, in a sort of wonder to see what would happen, to see whether the sailorman in his wet wogs would just melt away into the moonshine. But he didn't.

I moved slowly, and I remembered afterward that I walked on the grass, instead of on the path, as if I were afraid they might hear me coming. I suppose it all happened in less than five minutes after that, but it seemed as if they must have taken an hour. Neither Jack nor Mamie seemed to notice the sailor. She didn't seem to know that his wet arm was round her, and little by little they got near the cottage, and I wasn't a hundred yards from them when they reached the door. Something made me stand still then. Perhaps it was fright, for I saw everything that happened just as I see you now.

Mamie set her foot on the step to go up, and as she went forward I saw the sailor slowly lock his arm in Jack's, and Jack didn't move to go up. Then Mamie turned round on the step, and they all three stood that way for a second or two. She cried out then—I heard a man cry like that once, when his arm was taken off by a steam-crane—and she fell back in a heap on the little piazza.

The Certainty of Fate

I tried to jump forward, but I couldn't move, and I felt my hair rising under my hat. The sailor turned slowly where he stood, and swung Jack round by the arm steadily and easily, and began to walk him down the pathway from the house. He walked him straight down that path, as steadily as Fate; and all the time I saw the moonlight shining on his wet oilskins. He walked him through the gate, and across the beach road, and out upon the wet sand, where the tide was high. Then I got my breath with a gulp, and ran for them across the grass, and vaulted over the fence, and stumbled across the road. But when I felt the sand under my feet, the two were at the water's edge; and when I reached the water they were far out, and up to their waists; and I saw that Jack Benton's head had fallen forward on his breast, and his free arm hung limp beside him, while his dead brother steadily marched him to his death. The moonlight was on the dark water, but the fog-bank was white beyond, and I saw them against it; and they went slowly and steadily down. The water was up to their armpits, and then up to their shoulders, and then I saw it rise up to the black rim of Jack's hat. But they never wavered; and the two heads went straight on, straight on, till they were under, and there was just a ripple in the moonlight where Jack had been.

It had been on my mind to tell you that story, whenever I got a chance. You have known me, man and boy, a good many years; and I thought I would like to hear your opinion. Yes, that's what I always thought. It wasn't Jim that went overboard; it was Jack, and Jim just let him go when he might have saved him; and then Jim passed himself off for Jack with us, and with the girl. If that's what happened, he got what he deserved. People said the next day that Mamie found it out as they reached the house, and that her husband just walked out into the sea and drowned himself; and they would have blamed me for not stopping him if they'd known that I was there. But I never told what I had seen, for they wouldn't have believed me.

When I reached the cottage and lifted Mamie up, she was raving mad. She got better afterward, but she was never right in her head again.

Oh, you want to know if they found Jack's body? I don't know whether it was his, but I read in a paper at a Southern port where I was with my new ship that two dead bodies had come ashore in a gale down East, in pretty bad shape. They were locked together, and one was a skeleton in oilskins.

The End



The Echo Girl : By Eugenia O. Clark

Picture by F. Y. Cory

THE ECHO lives across the way.
She mocks me when I'm out at play.
And every single word I say
That Girl flings back at me.
I can not find her, for she hides
Away from me, and softly slides
Into the underbrush, and glides
Away where none can see.

When she is fluttering in the breeze,
I think I'll catch her one of these
Days, and ask her—won't she please
Come here and romp with me?
I'm lonely, and I'd like to know
The Echo Girl, who to and fro
Runs, and mocks, and loves me so,
And with me doth agree.

Though, when I'm cross she runs away,
She will not hark, she will not play.
Nor hide and seek that pleasant way—
She never says one word;
But when I'm lively, good and gay,
You ought to see the blithesome way
This unseen friend comes out to play!
You surely never heard

Such shouts of laughter, love and glee.
I think she likes a girl like me.
And, some day, if I'm good, I'll see
Miss Echo in the glen;
For she is shy, and loves the wood,
As every gentle creature should.
So I'll be very nice and good
And I may meet her then.

me a sensible way of getting married; and when Mamie kissed her mother good-night I just looked the other way, and knocked my ashes over the rail of the piazza. So they started down the straight path to Jack's cottage, and I waited a minute with Mrs. Brewster, looking after them, before taking my hat to go. They walked side by side, a little shyly at first, and then I saw Jack put his arm around her waist. As I looked he was on her left, and I saw the outline of the two figures very distinctly against the moonlight on the path; and the shadow on Mamie's right was broad and black as ink, and it moved along, lengthening and

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A Railroad Combination

By H. E. Hamblen

IT CERTAINLY is marvellous what immense oaks will sometimes grow from the most unpromising acorns. After Tom Frelinghuysen had oiled and looked his engine over he would have staked his life that she was in perfect order. Nevertheless, the union that connects the left-hand sand-pipe to the box was loose—but who ever heard of a sand-pipe coming loose? It is a permanent connection, and one that I don't suppose any engineer in the world ever thought of inspecting—barring Tom Frelinghuysen after that trip. The shock of coupling to the train loosened it a little more, and thereafter it was only a matter of time when it was bound to drop the crooked inch-and-a-quarter pipe under the wheel.

The block system had only recently been installed, and had not yet satisfied the men that it was all it was cracked up to be. Tom, especially, distrusted it. "I never seen a mechanical device yet that was fit to trust," was his verdict. "Gimme a live man with a red flag every time," he told the super. "These mechanical flagmen are all right till ye need 'em, an' then there's apt to be somethin' lack-in' in 'em; it needn't be much, nuther."

"All the same, Tom," the boss replied, "these blocks are here to stay, and you've got to run by 'em."

Tom left town a little late—a couple of minutes or so; just enough to make it interesting—behind a three-car local. The local usually gave him a clear block, but for the last month travel had been heavy, and it was no unusual thing to catch the red once or twice while she continued ahead of him. So Tom had got in the habit of not shutting off until he got right to the semaphore pole. If he had to then, looking back, he would see it turn white before he could get the train stopped.

The local had never stopped him yet. A tree between the semaphore and the station, at Wilkins, had grown so during the summer as to shut the block off from the operator's sight. He had asked the section boss to trim it, or cut it down; but it was deemed a matter of minor importance, and the section was so short-handed—contributing its mite to the showing of the annual balance sheet—that the job had been indefinitely postponed.

Now, it is a well-known fact that, no matter how tightly a nut may have been jammed on with a wrench, there is always a possibility that it will work loose and come off, even though it has to climb vertically up the bolt to do so. In the case of the semaphore at Wilkins, it only had to run off horizontally; and, as was proven by the rusty threads on the bolt, the nut had been off several days before the bolt finally dropped out and left the semaphore blade dangling down the post.

Tom breathed a sigh of relief when he found the Wilkins block clear. He eased his throttle out another notch to let her go, for it was the first block he had found that way, and he hadn't made up a second yet.

Fate and the Sand-pipe

The engineer of the local was trying to get home with a hot box on the rear coach. He told them to watch it and let him know if it stopped blazing, as that would indicate that it was dry and would soon cut off. Half a mile from home the fire went out and he had to stop.

To the conductor's injunction to "Hurry back—Sixteen's right on top of us," the flagman replied with the calm assurance of an experienced freight brakeman, "We're in the block, ain't we?" Nevertheless, he picked up his heels until out of sight around the curve, when he stopped and lighted a cigarette at his lantern.

The wire was hot both ways from Wilkins, with the distracting message, "Sixteen has run my block." The operator had his lever in the right position, but the disconnected semaphore dangled supinely from its post, showing a white signal. And Sixteen was flying on the wings of the wind toward the stationary local, whose flagman was contentedly puffing his cigarette on a pile of ties. At this critical juncture, the sand-pipe concluded to let go its last thread and drop under the swiftly rolling driver. In the twinkling of an eyelash it was bent and crumpled, and went thrashing and tearing under engine and tender. A twisted end caught an air-hose, ripping it off like a cotton thread.

And instantly that splendid little monitor, that perfect bit of mechanism that never sleeps, gets drunk or loafs to smoke a cigarette—the triple-valve—fulfilled its function, clamping every brake-shoe on the train to its wheel with a viselike grip not to be denied. Passengers bumped their noses on the seat-backs, and the big engine, bowing to the inevitable, made a very sudden and undignified stop.

Tom climbed down—saying things about his luck. While they were bleeding off the brakes and putting on new hose, the local's flagman took a notion to promenade back a little further and put down a torpedo. The glare of Sixteen's headlight came to him through the trees at the curve, sending his heart into his boots. Like a madman he flew over the ties, yelling and swinging his red lantern. Dazed with that horrible fear most railroad men have known, he failed to see that the train was at a standstill, until he fell exhausted beside the engine, just as Tom called in his own flag, ready to go.

"Huh!" said Tom, after the flagman had reported; "talk about yer mechanical signals!"

"Or even yer 'live man with a red flag,'" ventured the fireman.

But, after all, it was only one of those frequent close shaves, due to the luck that lies in railroad combinations, of which the public never hears.

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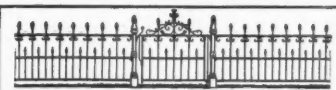
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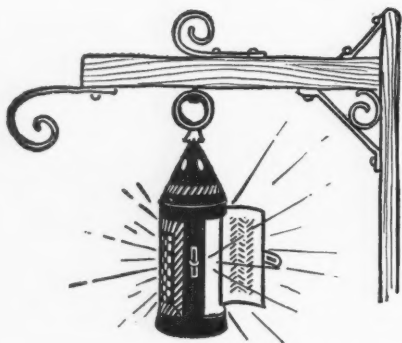


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THE BODLEY CLUB LIBRARY
THE TEMPLE LIBRARY
THE RUGBY LIBRARY
THE INDUSTRIAL LIBRARY

The Booklovers supplies the very newest books and delivers them at the homes of its patrons at fees ranging from \$8 to \$25 a year; the Tabard Inn is a popular library, on a 5-cent exchange basis, with operations extending to hundreds of cities and towns; the Bodley Club is wholesale, the books being rented in bulk to local concerns; the Temple is a library for Sunday Schools; the Rugby is a new library on the "Tabard Inn" principle, and intended wholly for children; the Industrial is a library of "used books" for factory employees, institutions, etc. The Corporation owns also the following valuable foreign properties:

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These foreign enterprises are meeting with large favor, and from the very outset they have been acknowledged successes. The Booklovers supplies a new book service for private tourist parties, special excursion trains, and a regular daily library service on the following through trains:

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The Tabard Inn service will be found on some of the vessels of the American Navy, at many of the Army Posts, and at a large number of leading family and resort hotels. In each of the following cities the Booklovers has a complete library equipment, occupying attractive street positions in the very best business districts:

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Chicago	Kansas City	Nashville
Baltimore	Louisville	Newark
St. Louis	Omaha	New Haven
San Francisco	Providence	Portland (Me.)
Washington	Rochester	Worcester
Buffalo	Atlanta	Scranton
Pittsburgh	Albany	Seattle
Cincinnati	Brooklyn	Springfield (Mass.)
New Orleans	Columbus	Syracuse
Denver	Des Moines	Montreal
Minneapolis	Hartford	Toronto

In addition to these forty-two main library centres, each under a competent manager and staff, there are a large number of smaller cities, such as Harrisburg, Atlantic City, Richmond, Trenton, etc., where a fairly complete equipment is maintained. The Booklovers and Tabard Inn libraries occupy an entire building located in the very centre of London's best shopping district, at

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The Tabard Inn library is growing very rapidly. At the present time from fifteen to twenty-five new branches are being opened daily. Almost every large town from Boston to Chicago is already occupied. It is the purpose of the management to establish stations in villages so that a book service may be given to the farm as well as to the urban population of the country. The four central Tabard Inn libraries are located as follows:

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More than \$1,250,000 has been invested in the Booklovers. A considerable amount of this has been spent upon organization, in opening up new territory, and in maintaining such organization until each centre became self-supporting. The fact is, the results secured could never have been secured for a million and a quarter, or three times this amount of money, if the Library's call for membership at every point had not met with such an immediate and unprecedented response.

THE LIBRARY STOCK

The Corporation is capitalized for \$2,600,000 (260,000 Shares at \$10 each). Of this amount 190,000 Shares have already been subscribed and paid for at the par value of \$10, making the present cash capital \$1,900,000. There remain in the Treasury only 70,000 Shares. Of this remaining block the Directors have authorized the Treasurer to set aside 50,000 Shares to be offered for sale on May 1st next, at \$12 a Share, the proceeds to be used largely in the erection of a central library building in Philadelphia. The remainder, consisting of 20,000 Shares, is now offered to the public in lots of Ten Shares or more at \$10 a Share. The terms are 10 per cent. with the application and the balance in sixty days. Stock applied for by telegraph will be held five days to await deposit and formal application. (See form of application below.) The sale of this block of 20,000 Shares at \$10 and of the remaining block of 50,000 Shares on May 1st at \$12 will give the Company a completely paid-up Capital. This announcement gives investors the last opportunity they will have of buying Booklovers at \$10 a share.

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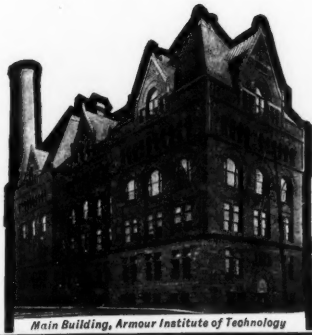
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Dear Sir:

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The Re-election of Jones

THE TRUE STORY OF A PICTURESQUE CHARACTER AND THE POLITICAL METHODS THAT HAVE ENABLED HIM TO SWEEP ALL OBSTACLES AWAY

IN SPITE of opposition from the strongest political machines that the Republicans and Democrats of Toledo have ever organized, "Golden Rule" Jones, running independently, was again elected to the mayoralty on April 6 last. This is the fourth time that this picturesque genius has accomplished this feat, under varying conditions, but with practically consistent political methods. It was not until St. Patrick's Day that Samuel M. Jones announced his determination to accept once more the nomination for Mayor. On that evening he made a speech in front of the Post-Office and told the people what he had decided to do. Hundreds had gathered to hear him, and there, under the swirl of torches' flames, with street-cars clanging by on both sides of him, he began his fourth campaign.

His Various Candidacies

This was Mayor Jones' first speech in what afterward developed into the most spectacular of all the many spectacular campaigns which "Golden Rule" Jones has conducted. The first time he was a candidate was six years ago, when he ran as a Republican; four years ago he was defeated in the convention by a political trick and thereupon ran as an independent. In the campaign that followed he received more votes than the Democratic and Republican candidates put together, and was elected by a plurality of nearly 5,000. Two years ago the Democrats made no nomination and Jones was elected again, this time by 2,000. After that the strongest political machine that Toledo has ever known was organized, and it put forth every effort to lay plans which might result in the Mayor's retirement from office. The politicians of Toledo of both parties hate Mayor Jones more strongly than any man was ever hated before. And yet the people seem to be all with him.

Mayor Jones is a Tolstolian in his beliefs and tries to live according to the Golden Rule. The Mayor lives in a comfortable home in the most aristocratic portion of the city. He rises early in the morning, walks two miles to his factory and works in the shop with his men until nine o'clock. Then he goes to the Mayor's office and for two hours and a half he looks over a mail which daily brings him letters from all parts of the world, and listens to hundreds of poor people who bring their cares and troubles to him as to a father. It is safe to say that no one ever goes away from Mayor Jones without help; he gives away annually the salary he receives as Mayor and how much more besides nobody knows. At noon he goes back to his factory and eats dinner with his men. In the afternoon he works again in the Mayor's office, and in the evening usually delivers an address on some philosophical or sociological theme: his audiences are of all kinds and descriptions. He is away from home frequently delivering lectures and addresses, and all this work he does for the love of it and without any recompense other than the satisfaction it brings him.

His Manner of Life

Mayor Jones's office is an indication of what the man is. The walls are hung with pictures of noted men, many of them, at least of those who are living, with autograph presentations. Besides these, most of the great poets and authors of the world are represented by their books. Whitman is Jones' favorite. He reads him constantly and can recite most of his poems by heart.

Mayor Jones is the most democratic of men. He does not use the private office of the Mayor except when compelled to, but ordinarily sits in the large reception-room and talks with any one who may come along. Frequently he pauses long enough to read something for his callers from the Bible or from Whitman or from Tolstoi, and if he does not read he recites passages. And yet despite all this there are hundreds of men in Toledo who say that he is insincere, that he is a charlatan, a fraud and a demagogue, although no one has ever been able to allege anything against his reputation or character.

St. Patrick's Day was the time set for the Republican primaries, and up to that time the city did not know whether or not Mayor Jones was to stand again for re-election. This had been the one topic of conversation and speculation for weeks, and the politicians in the Democratic and Republican parties had been slow to declare their candidacy until they knew what Jones was going to do. However, the Democrats had a convention and nominated Charles Edson, the cashier of a small local savings bank. The

Mayor was out of town and arrived home on the morning of March 17. Prior to this time petitions had been filed in the office of the Board of Elections signed by 4,700 voters placing the name of Samuel M. Jones in nomination once more as a non-partisan candidate for Mayor. About noon of March 17, Mayor Jones stated that he would accept the nomination and gave out to the daily newspapers a letter announcing this acceptance.

But strangely enough they all (with the exception of a one-sheet German newspaper) refused to print it. The English ones inserted bare announcements of the fact that Mayor Jones was to be a candidate again for re-election. At the Republican primaries on that day the machine carried everything before it, and at the convention the next day the Republicans nominated as their candidate John W. Dowd. Mr. Dowd is one of the most brilliant men in the city of Toledo, and he and Mayor Jones have always been friends. He has spoken many times for Mayor Jones in Golden Rule Park on Sunday afternoons, and Jones at one time said that if Dowd would run as a non-partisan candidate for Mayor, nominated by petition, he, Jones, would take off his coat and go to work for his election. The Republicans could not have made a more popular nomination, for Mr. Dowd is well known and well liked; he is witty, a good story-teller and can make an eloquent and interesting address. It was apparent to Toledoans that they would have another extremely interesting campaign.

Newspaper Opposition

It became plain at once that Mayor Jones could not hope for any sort of publicity through the newspapers, and later it developed that the publishers of the partisan papers had entered into an agreement by which they were to ignore him utterly and not even print his name, and since that time, whenever it has become necessary to refer to any of his official acts (for no notice is taken of his private acts), the papers refer to him as "the present incumbent of the Mayor's office." Mayor Jones went to the editors of the papers in person and asked whether or not he could use their columns if he would pay for the space as advertising, just as any merchant or patent medicine man might do. The two Republican papers, the "Blade" and the "Times," refused to sell the Mayor advertising space at any price. The "News," which is the evening edition of the "Times," claiming to be independent, and the "Bee," the only Democratic paper in town, agreed to sell the Mayor advertising space. The "News," however—so-called independent, though Mark Hanna owns stock in it—stipulated that the word "Advertisement" should be printed above any of Mayor Jones's utterances. Mayor Jones paid for the publication of his letter of acceptance in the "Bee."

Mayor Jones then entered upon a most vigorous personal campaign. For several nights he held meetings in front of the Post-Office, standing on the steps of the Government building and addressing thousands who jammed the streets in order to hear him. The first few days of the campaign were as warm as in early summer, then it grew cold again, and after that time he held meetings all over the city in halls engaged by himself. He spoke every night, sometimes at several of these meetings, and all of them were largely attended.

"Old Walt says," he would remark (just as if they all knew Walt Whitman as well as he), "that there is nothing so profoundly affecting to see as the sight of large masses of men following the leadership of those who do not believe in men. I believe in men, in all men."

"I won't belong to any party, and I won't belong to any party, for they are both the same thing," he said. "I belong to the undivided whole. My party embraces every man, woman and child on the whole earth. I refuse to be satisfied with anything less. I don't see how we're going to have freedom until we get in harmony with each other; I don't see how we are going to have liberty until we sing ourselves into liberty."

Jones and the New Code

Mayor Jones gave a portion of his time to discussing municipal affairs and the new municipal code which went into effect in Ohio this spring. This was the first election held under it. It is Mayor Jones who more than any one else, perhaps, is responsible for the enactment of a new municipal code. The Republican machine a year ago this winter had a special law passed by the Legislature of Ohio which abolished the old police board



"I believe in all the people"



"I'm a man without a party"



"I believe in you"



"As old Walt says..."



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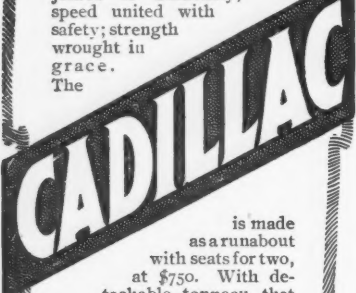
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of the city, because Jones had been ex-officio its chairman, and created a new one in its stead to be appointed by the Governor. Jones, believing in home rule, refused to deliver up the records, and the newly appointed board brought both mandamus and quo warranto proceedings against Mayor Jones and the old police board in the Supreme Court. But Mayor Jones, to everybody's surprise, won the suit. The Supreme Court declared unconstitutional the special act turning over the appointment of the police board to the Governor, and thereby imperatively declared unconstitutional all of the special legislation in Ohio, and there has been much of it in the last few years. This made necessary a special session of the Legislature and the adoption of a new municipal code, so that all the cities in Ohio will hereafter be governed uniformly. The new code is not a very good one, because it was made by the politicians for the politicians, and for that reason Mayor Jones devoted a good deal of his time in his speeches to explaining and discussing it.

The action of the newspapers in ignoring Mayor Jones during this campaign created for him much sympathy, because the people felt that he was not being fairly treated. He received from men all over the country prominent in the reform movement letters of encouragement and offers of help. In Toledo but few spoke for him. The aristocracy, the respectability and the so-called better element of the city all turned on him and he stood almost alone. Nevertheless, the great masses of the people were for him, and the political machines with the power of the press behind them, and all of the forces of organized society, were unable to break the Mayor's hold on their affections.

The Vampire

MUCH has been written in the world of fiction about Vampires and their awful doings in the way of bloodsucking. As a matter of fact, there is practically only one bloodsucking Vampire Bat, although there is a smaller one which connects the common species with the other members of the family. The first one, the common bloodsucking Vampire, measures only about three inches in length, is of a reddish-brown color, and is found from Central America to southern Brazil, on the east, and in the west as far as Chili. From the structure of this bat it is more than probable that blood actually forms its entire food.

After a long, heavy sleep all day, this Vampire comes out at night, hovers about in ghostly fashion until it has selected its victim, and then sets to work. In the first place it proceeds—should the animal be woolly or thickly haired—to carefully shave away the hair or wool, with the thin part of the skin, by its peculiarly sharp upper incisor teeth. In this way the blood oozes slowly from the small capillary vessels, when the Vampire Bat at once begins to suck and goes on sucking the blood until its small body can contain no more.

Horses, sheep and cattle are often served in this way, and as the operation apparently causes little or no pain, the animals are not cognizant of what is going on; but should the attacks be repeated, they become weak and thin, and finally become wrecks.

Although this is the only bat which subsists entirely on blood, it is possible that occasionally a few of the Javelin Bats may vary their ordinary diet in this way.

Hanna and the Presidency

SENATOR HANNA has declined the Presidency. He was implored to give his friends permission to go ahead and secure the Republican nomination for him in 1904, and he refused to accede to their request. All this took place about six months ago. Mr. Hanna was in New York for the purpose of taking a yachting tour with his friend Griscom of Philadelphia. The weather was so unfavorable that the ocean voyage was cut short, and the Senator from Ohio, for the first time in many years, had a few days' leisure on his hands. He improved the opportunity to renew acquaintance with quite a number of his old friends in Gotham. Among them were the biggest financiers and corporation managers in the country. Almost every one of these men asked Mr. Hanna to stand for the Republican nomination in 1904. Their argument ran like this: "The business people of the country do not want Roosevelt again. They admire many of his good qualities, but they do not trust his judgment. We live in constant fear that he will involve the country in trouble. There is just one man who can defeat the President for the nomination. You are he. If you will consent to make the stand we will throw all our influence in your favor. If you are nominated, we will help elect you. If the President is nominated for a second term, and the Democrats put up Justice Parker, or former Secretary Olney, we may be compelled, in self-defence, to support the Democratic candidate. We are not afraid of a Democratic President, because the Senate, and probably the House, will remain Republican for some years to come. But if you will make the race, the business men of the United States will feel content within the Republican party. You will be sure of election. The President is not sure. It is your duty to consider the welfare of the party and of the country above all things."

Not one man, but a dozen men, each one of them at the head of great corporations, controlling millions of money and with many thousands of employees, talked in this vein to the Senator from Ohio. But Mr. Hanna

would not yield. He declared he was not a candidate and would not be a candidate. He said he had told President Roosevelt that he was for him, and he was a man of his word. He told his friends he had given this promise to Roosevelt when Roosevelt announced to the world that he would carry out the policies of his lamented predecessor. "As long as you stand on that platform," Mr. Hanna had said to Mr. Roosevelt, "I am with you. My advice to you, Teddy—Mr. President—is not to give a moment's thought about a second term, but to devote all your energies to making a success of your first term."

The Doctor Confessor

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

THE RELIEF of the confessional is not for all, and diaries have gone out of fashion; yet nearly every woman has an imperative need of a receptacle for her pent-up self. Once in so often she must pour herself out to the very dregs. Some, by keeping up a daily dribbling, do away with the need of a climacteric overflow; but the wise woman realizes that it is better to be an occasional embarrassment than a constant bore, and spares her family at the expense of—generally her doctor. The choice is not a deliberate one, but he comes when she is at her weakest; he is clean and strong and clear-headed, professionally sympathetic and reliable, and at the comforting touch of his hand on her wrist she is gone. He must take the place of diary and father confessor until her need is satisfied.

This use of a doctor is to a certain extent justified. We pay him to come and talk about us. It is our chance for unmitigated and soul-relieving egotism. With all others we must in common fairness share the floor, and our confidences are marred by the obligation we are piling up against ourselves: by the consciousness that we, too, must be audience in turn, must play a cheerful second fiddle whenever the willing listener chooses to demand his recompense. But the doctor can not get back at us that way. And he can not even dodge us. Come he must at our summons, and draw up beside us, and lead us on with interested questions, and meet all he gets in reply with wisdom and kindness and ungrudging attention. He is all ours for that luxurious half-hour. When he rises to go, we may throw him a limited question about his health or his wife, but he knows better than to answer it at length or otherwise to presume on the favor. The only chance granted his repressed ego is to revenge itself in the bill—which, let us admit, it generally does.

So much in defence of an acknowledged right. The question is how far the right goes, and whether to put on the doctor's shoulders the burden of servant problems and financial or marital difficulties is not an abuse of power. He is, after all, a human being, no fonder of tears and sorrow than the rest of us; and his days are inevitably full of them. He must tell a white, haggard woman, whose fingers are unconsciously making red marks on his forearm, that there is no more hope for the boy; he must help a rebellious victim to choose whether he will live maimed or die as he is; he must summon the waiting family to say good-by. Then, from hours like these, he goes up the quiet stairs into a wide room where a woman reclines in a pink dressing-gown with a slight derangement in her organism and a crying desire to be petted and understood. A touch and out it all comes. Betty, who has been with her ten years, is going, and how can she bear a strange woman about her? Madame made a perfect botch of her gowns and then was so impertinent about it her whole system has been unstrung ever since, and her husband—well, of course he is the best man in the world, but he doesn't understand as you do, doctor! She has not slept for three nights, and it does not seem as if she could bear another thing. And what shall she do?

Now there is undeniably a branch of the profession to whom all this is meat and drink. They are called "ladies' doctors," and they go down to prosperity by way of the moods of idle women. They are of good presence, well groomed and white-handed, suavely pleasant or humorously brusque—for a woman is flattered by a mild beating if it be dealt as to a naughty but nevertheless very dear little girl: they are deeply attentive, serious over symptoms yet full of cheerfulness, never hurried or preoccupied, quick with sympathy, and oh, how they understand! The blessing of their presence is cheap at five dollars a visit, and the carriages await three deep at their office hours. Down underneath, they have not as a rule any more heart than the rude little German specialist opposite with his unkempt hair and his jarring frankness: perhaps, indeed, not nearly so much. The real man within, coldly ambitious and quite unmoved, sends up sympathy as required and has no more personal feeling for the appealing combination of lace and nerves beside him than he has for his lancet. He knows that to the kind of success he seeks a good "bedside manner" is essential, so he acquires this as he would any necessary branch of his profession. And each patient realizes that this must be true—as far as the other patients are concerned!

But there is the other kind of doctor, he who regards his profession as something more than a money-maker and gives himself to it without humbug, who will spend himself day and night for those who need him, but has little time for sentimentality. He has his living to make and must come when summoned; yet for a woman to make him the victim of her idleness and egotism, to pour into his burdened mind trivial cares and fretfulness that a little good exercise would settle—that seems rather like a selfish abuse of power. He is so deeply a stay and comfort

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when the real hour comes! In gratitude for that she might let him off lightly on the lesser occasions—spare him some of the details of her son's debts and her husband's delinquencies. She is well within her rights, of course; but it is sometimes so very kind to forego rights!

To enjoy ill-health is human, and many an idle woman is kept happy by an ailment, petting and tending it as she would a lap-dog. Sharp rivalry may arise as to degrees of suffering—as in the case of the younger little girl who declared with angry tears that she "never had a stomach ache but that Nellie had a worse one!" And "ladies' doctors" are not the only ones who have played on this weakness for their own ends. Disraeli, asked how he maintained his marvellous power of remembering people, admitted that when he was confronted by some elderly face that he could not place he merely put out a cordial hand and said sympathetically, "And how is the old pain?"—and the device was never a failure. Ill health is the supreme chance to say "I," and thereby the doctor confessor profits and endures.

A Love Letter

By Frank Dempster Sherman

My dear, let me once try to bind

Love with a lyric fetter,

That it may be your joy to find

A poem in a letter;

Surely the happy thoughts and words

That fill a lover's pages

Should gladly sing like captive birds

Shut in their golden cages.

A sentiment set down in prose,

However sweet the savor,

Lacks something of the grace that goes

With song and gives it flavor;

And well I know that half the time

My fancy fails to capture

The magic words which put in rhyme

Would thrill your heart with rapture.

So take this verse and let it be

A token, true and tender,

Of love which in the heart of me

Is ready to surrender:

If I could see you, Sweetheart mine,

And lean down once above you,

My lyric note would be one line,—

Enough to say: *I love you.*

Mistaken Economy

By Carroll Watson Rankin

FALSE ECONOMY is almost a strictly feminine attribute, and it is one of the few things for which man is not responsible. In most cases, it is born with the woman. Of course, it is true that some women are, have been, and always will be extravagant; but it is equally certain that a vast number more of them are only too economical. They are not, however, saving of their time and strength, but only of their far less valuable pennies.

It is said that a woman can not sharpen a lead pencil. It is true; but why can't she? Because she never has anything to sharpen one with. There is the carving-knife, of course, and there are the large, clumsy, and supposedly sharp knives with which every well-appointed kitchen is provided. Then, too, there is the broken-bladed pocket-knife that the head of the household or the family boy discarded, some years previously, as being no longer serviceable; not to mention the little silver affair with the wabbling blade that is to be found in every woman's desk. To one woman in a thousand, perhaps, occurs the idea of buying for herself—no one ever gives her one—a knife that is a knife. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine struggle through life with makeshifts and substitutes, and are, seemingly, content to rest under the imputation that they are, as a sex, unable to cope with the proverbial lead-pencil.

It is much the same way with scissors, although no one has made a proverb about it. Possibly there is nothing in domestic life more exasperating than scissors that will not cut; yet, with the possible exception of the professional dressmaker, women persist in making the same pathetic struggles, year in and year out, to haggle—no other word expresses it—out garments with scissors that would drive a man to—well, if not actual suicide, at least to the purchase of scissors by the wholesale.

Then, there is the matter of nails. The masculine person that invented the lead-pencil story asserted, at the same time, that no woman was ever able to hit the nail on the head. He was, in a measure, right, but why? Only because it requires a skilled carpenter to drive the kind of nails that a woman habitually uses. It is not that she *hasn't* nails; indeed, she has only too many. Every good housekeeper has a marvellous collection of what she considers nails, saved from time immemorial. Some of them are bent, some of them are twisted, some of them even started out originally as screws, and all of them are rusty. They have all seen better days and much active service, having gone, literally and many times, through fire and

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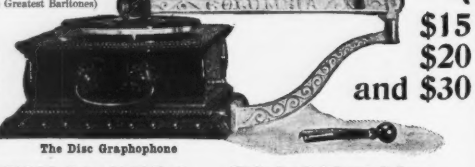
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"Papa," he asked, "don't you believe Mr. Kipling is going to write any more children's stories, something like the Jungle Books, you know?"

"Don't know, my son," answered Mr. Doubleday, "but I wish he would." "I've been thinking of something," said the boy slowly, "and I've been writing a letter about it to Mr. Kipling. I think he could make great stories out of 'Where the Camel Got His Hump' and about 'What the Elephant Puts in His Trunk,' don't you?"

"I just imagine he could," said the father, laughing.

"Do you mind if I send him the letter?"

"Not at all. Mr. Kipling will be delighted to hear from you."

"And now, papa, I want to make a business proposition. If Mr. Kipling should write some of these stories I have asked him to, and if you should publish them and they should sell like hot cakes, would you be willing to pay me one per cent royalty for thinking up new plots?"

"I shall be most happy to, my boy."

"And draw up a regular contract as you do with authors?"

"Most certainly."

"And advance me five cents now off my royalties to mail a letter to Mr. Kipling?"

Mr. Doubleday gravely laid a nickel in the boy's hand.

The contract was drawn up that afternoon.

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A lady speaking of how coffee affected her says:—"I was very fond of coffee but while drinking it was under the care of the doctor most of the time for liver trouble, and was compelled to take bile mass a great deal of the time. My complexion was bad and I had a pain in my side steadily, probably in the liver.

"When I concluded to quit coffee and take Postum Food Coffee I had it made carefully and from the very first cup we liked the taste of it better than any of the old coffee.

"In a short time the pain left my side and my friends began to comment on the change in my complexion and general looks. I have never seen anything equal to the good I got from making this change.

"A young lawyer in Philadelphia named —, whose life was almost a burden from indigestion and its train of evils, quit coffee some months ago and began on Postum Food Coffee. He quickly recovered and is now well, strong and cheerful and naturally loud in his praises of Postum.

"Another friend, an old gentleman of seventy, named —, who for years suffered all one could suffer and live, from dyspepsia, and who sometimes for weeks could eat no bread or solid food, only a little weak gruel or milk, quit coffee upon my recommendation and took up Postum. He began to get better at once. Now he can eat rich pastry or whatever he likes and is perfectly well."

Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



THE LONG NIGHT

BY STANLEY WEYMAN

Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," ETC.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon



SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Claude Mercier, a young Calvinist, comes to Geneva in 1602 to pursue his studies. He takes lodgings with Madame Royaume, whose daughter, Anne, he observes to submit meekly to the insults put upon her by certain inmates of the house, especially to those of Basterga, a scientist. Claude wishes to protect Anne, but she tells him mysteriously that there is a reason why she must bear her hard lot. Basterga is the Duke of Savoy's secret agent in a plot for the violent acquisition of Geneva. The Syndic, Messer Blondel, thinks he has an incurable complaint. Basterga seeks to corrupt him by offering him a precious poison good for all mortal ills. But since Blondel has been charged by the Council of Geneva with watching the suspected Basterga, he tries to obtain the remedy by stealth. Anne becomes innocently involved in various unsuccessful attempts to abstract the medicine. Claude then discovers that the mystery of Anne's submission to the aforesaid indignities is her mother's derangement of health and mind. About the same time the Syndic reveals the nature of the poison to the girl when he implores her to obtain it for him, but she gives it to her mother instead. Basterga now finds out that he is suspected by the Council.

CHAPTER XVI

A Glove and What Came of It

CLAUDE TURNED BACK to the town, in a great rage. As he passed from the bridge, and paused before entering the huddle of narrow streets that climbed the hill above the river, he had on his left the glittering heights of snow mountains, and distant Mont Blanc itself, ethe- realized by the frosty sunshine and clear air of a winter morning. But Mont Blanc

might have been a marsh, the Rhone, pouring its icy volume from the lake, a brook, for him. Aware of the nature of the peril in which Anne stood, and not doubting that these colloquies of Messer Blondel and Louis, these futile manœuvres to be rid of his presence, were part of a conspiracy against her, he burned with the desire to thwart it. They had made a puppet of him; they had sent him to and fro at their will and pleasure, smiling in their sleeves at his folly; and, doubtless, in order that in his absence they might do—Heaven knew what vile and miserable work! But he would know, too! He was going to know! He would not be so tricked thrice.

Nor did his indignation stop there. The smug comfortable townsfolk whom he met and jostled in the narrow ways, and whose grave looks he countered with hot glances—he included them in his anathema. He began to extend to them the contempt in which he held Blondel and Louis and the rest. They were all of a breed: all dull, blind worms, insensible to the beauty of self-sacrifice or the purity of affection; all self-sufficient dolts, as far removed, as immeasurably divided from her whom he loved as the gloomy narrow streets of this city lay below the clear loveliness of the snow-peaks! For, after all, he had lifted his eyes to the mountains.

One thing perplexed him. He could understand the attitude of Basterga and Grio and Louis toward the girl; he discerned the sword of Damocles that they held over her, the fear of a charge of witchcraft, in which they kept her. But how came Blondel in the plot? What was his part? If he had been sincere in that attempt on Basterga's secrets, which the mysterious voice had frustrated, was he sincere now? Was his object now, as then—the suppression of the devilish practices of which he had warned Claude, and in punishment of which he had threatened to include the girl with her tempter? Presumably it was, and he was still trying to reach the goal by other ways, using Louis as he had used Claude, or tried to use him.

And yet Claude doubted. The suspicion that Blondel had behind this a more secret, a more personal, a more selfish aim, had hold of his mind. Had the young girl, still in her teens, caught the fancy of the man of sixty? There was nothing unnatural in the idea; such things were, even in Geneva; and Louis was a go-between not above the task. In that case she who had showed a brave front to Basterga all these months, who had not blenched before the daily and hourly persecution to which she had been exposed in her home, was not likely to succumb to the senile advances of a man who might have been her grandfather!

If he did not hold her secret! But if he did hold it! If he did hold it, and the cruel power it gave! If he did hold it—he who had only to lift his hand to consign her to duress on a charge so dark and dangerous that innocence itself was no protection against it? So plausible that even her lover had for a short while held it true? What then?

Claude, who had by this time reached the Tartasse gate, and passed through it from the town, paused on the ramparts and bared his head. What then?

He had his answer where he stood. Framed in the immensity of the view before him he saw his loneliness and hers; his insignificance and hers, his helplessness and hers; he, a foreigner, young, without name or reputation, or ought but one strong right hand; she, almost a child, alone or worse than alone, in this great city, one of the weak things

which the world's car daily and hourly crushes into the mud, their very cries unheard and unheeded. Of no more account than the straw which the swift Rhone, below him, bore one moment on its swirling tide and the next swallowed from sight beneath its current.

They were two—and a madwoman! And against them were Blondel and Basterga and Grio and Louis, and presently all the town of Geneva! All these gloomy, narrow, righteous men, and shrieking, frightened women—frightened lest any drop of the pitch fall on them and destroy them! Love is a marvellous educator. Almost as clearly as we of a later day he saw how outbreaks such as that which he dreaded began, and came to a head, and ended. A chance word at a door, a spiteful rumor or a sick child, the charge, the torture, the widening net of accusation, the fire in the market-place. So it had been in Bamberg and Wurzburg; in Geneva two generations back; in Alsace scarce as many years back; at Edinburgh in Scotland, where thirty persons had suffered in one day—ten years ago that; in the district of Como, a round thousand!

Nobility had not availed to save some, nor court favor others; nor wealth, nor youth, nor beauty others. And what had he or she to urge, what had they to put forward that would in the smallest degree avail them?—that could even for a moment stem or avert the current of popular madness which power itself had striven in vain to dam? Nothing!

And yet he did not blench, nor would he—being half French and of good blood, at a time when good French blood ran the more generously for a half-century of war. He would not, even if he had not, from the sunlit view of God's earth and heaven which lay before his eyes, drawn other thoughts than that one of his own littleness and insignificance. As this view of vale and mountain had once lifted his judgment above the miasma of a cruel superstition, so now it raised him above creeping fears and filled him with high confidence in something more stable than magistrates or mobs. Love, like the sunlight, shone aslant the dark places of the prospect, and filled them with warmth. Sacrifice for her he loved took on the beauty of the peaks, cold but lovely, and hope and courage, like the clear blue of the vault above, looked smiling down on the brief dangers and the brief troubles of man's making.

at her feet and saving her, seemed for a moment the thing most desirable—the purest happiness!

That was denied him. The house, it has been said, was quiet, as in a morning it commonly was. So quiet he recalled without effort the dreams he had dreamed, and the thoughts which had filled his heart to bursting a few hours before on that spot. The great pot was there simmering on its hook, and on the small table beside it—the table that Basterga and Grio occupied—stood a platter with a few dried herbs and a knife fresh from her hand. Claude looked round to make sure that he was unobserved, and, raising the knife to his lips, kissed the haft gently and reverently, thinking what she had suffered many a day while using it! What fear, and grief, and humiliation, and—

A sudden change came over him. He stood erect, his face red, his mouth open; he listened intently. Upstairs, breaking the long silence of the house, opening as it were a window to admit the sun, a voice had on a sudden uplifted itself in song. The voice had some of the tones of Anne's voice, had something that reminded him of her voice. But when had he heard her sing? When had aught so clear, so joyous, or so young fallen from her as this—this melody, laden with life and youth and abundance, that rose and fell, and anon floated to his ears through the half-open door of the staircase?

He crept to the staircase door and listened; yes, it was her voice, but not as he had ever heard it. Her voice as he could fancy it in another life, a life in which she was as other girls, darkened by no fear, pinched by no anxiety, crushed by no contumely. Such as her voice might be uplifted in the old garden on the French borders, amid bees and flowers and fresh-scented herbs. Her voice, doubtless; but it sorted so ill with the thoughts he had been thinking that with his astonishment was mingled something of shock and of loss. He had dreamed of dying for her or with her, and she sang! He was prepared for peril, and her voice vied with the lark's in joyous quavers.

Leaning forward to hear more clearly, he touched the door. It was open but an inch or two, and before he could hinder it, it closed with a sharp sound. The singing ceased on the instant. With an abruptness that told, or he was of fear and self-remembrance, the voice was silent. And presently, after an interval of no more than a few seconds, during which he pictured the singer listening, he heard her begin to descend—slowly.

Two men may do the same thing from motives as far apart as the poles. Claude did what Louis would have done. As the foot drew near the staircase door, treading, he fancied, less willingly, less lightly, more like that of Anne with every step, he slid into his closet, and stood where, through the crack between the hinges of the open door, he could view her face when she appeared.

A second later she came; and he saw. The light of the song was still in her eyes, but mingled, as she looked round the room, to learn who was there, with something of exaltation, of defiance. Christian maidens might have gazed so, he thought, as they passed, singing, to the lions. Or Esther, when she went unbidden into the inner court of the King's House, and before the golden sceptre moved. Something had happened, and to her. But what?

She did not see him, and, after standing a moment to assure herself that her ear had deceived her, and that she was alone, she passed to the fire. She lifted the lid of the pot, bent over it, and slowly stirred the broth; then, having covered it again, she began to chop the dried herbs on the platter. Even in her manner of doing this he fancied a change—a something unlike the Anne he had known, the Anne he had come to love. The face was more animated, the action quicker, the step lighter, the carriage more free. She began to sing and stopped; then fell into a reverie, with the knife in her hand and the herb half cut; again roused herself to finish her task, and having done it and slid the herbs from the platter to the pot, stood a while in a second reverie, with her eyes fixed on the nearer window.

He began to feel the irksomeness, and something more—the falseness—of his position. It was too late to show himself; and if she discovered him what would she think of him? Would she believe that in spying upon her he had had no evil purpose, no low motive, such as Louis might have had? His cheek grew hot; he began to think he had been mad to put himself in such a position. And then—in one moment he forgot himself.

Her eyes had left the window and fallen to the window-seat. It was the next thing she did that drew him out of himself. Moving to the window-seat—he had to stoop forward to keep her within the range of his sight—she took from it a glove, held it a moment, regarding it the while, almost whimsically; then with a low tender laugh, a laugh half sheer happiness, half in ridicule of herself, she kissed it.

It was Claude's glove; he knew it. And if with that before his eyes he could have still restrained himself, the alternative was not his. She turned in the very act, and saw him; and with a startled cry put—none too soon—the table between them.

They looked at one another across it, he flushed, panting, eager, with broken words of love on his lips; she blushing but not ashamed, with something of her song still in her eyes, and in the whimsical pose of her head.

"Anne! Anne!" he babbled. "It is useless! That is my glove! I have seen! You can not deceive me!" "In what?" she said. "Of what, Messer Claude, are you so certain?"



Sinking on his knees, he extended his arms across the table

The clock of St. Gervais was striking eleven, as still in exalted mood he turned his back on the view and entered the house. He had paused there on his return from his fruitless visit to Blondel and had satisfied himself, before he hurried in pursuit of Louis, that Anne was safe. Doubtless she was still safe; for the house was quiet. With which fact, in his new mood, he was almost inclined to quarrel. In the ardor of his passion he would gladly have seen the danger immediate, the peril present that he might prove to her how much he loved her, how deeply he felt for her, what he would dare for her. To die on the hearth of the living-room,

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"That you love me! That you love me!" he replied. "But not a tenth, not a hundredth part"—his eyes filled and he stretched his arms across the table toward her—"as much as I love you! As I have loved you for weeks! As I loved you even before I learned last night—"

"What?" she said. And into her face—that had not found one hard look to rebuke his boldness—came something of her old silent, watchful self. "What did you learn?"

"Your secret!"

"I have none!" Quick as thought the words came. "I have none!" she repeated. "God is merciful!"—with a gesture of her open arms, as if she had put something from her—"and it is gone! If you know, if you guess aught of what it was"—her eyes questioned his and read in them, if not that which he knew, that certainly which he thought of her—"I ask you to be silent."

"I will after I have—"

"Now!"

"Not till I have spoken once!" he cried. "Not till I have told you once what I think of you! That I am not worthy to kiss the edge of your gown. Last night—I heard. And this time I understood. My eyes were opened, I saw what you had gone through, what you had feared, what had been your life all these weeks, rising and lying down! I saw what you meant when you bade me go anywhere but here, and why you suffered what you did at their hands, and why they dared to treat you—so! And had they been here I would have killed them! And had you been here—"

"Yes!" she murmured, no longer seeking to check him. Her bearing was changed, her eyes, bright and tender, met his as no other eyes, even his mother's, had ever met his.

"I could have worshipped you! I could have knelt as I kneel now!" he cried. And, sinking on his knees, he extended his arms across the table and took her unresisting hands. "If you no longer have a secret you had one, and I bless God for it! For without it I might not have known you! Now that I know you—"

"Perhaps you do not," she said; but she did not withdraw her hands or her eyes. Only into the latter grew a shade of trouble.

"I am a thief."

"Pah!"

"It is true."

"What is it to me?" He laughed a laugh as tender as her eyes. "You are a thief, for you have stolen my heart. For the rest, do you think that I do not know you now? That I can be twice deceived? Twice take gold for dross, and my own for another thing? I know you—"

"But you do not know," she said tremulously, "what I have done or what may happen."

"I know that it will happen not to one but to two," he replied bravely. "And that is all I ask to know. That, and that you are content it shall be so?"

"Content?"

"Yes."

"Content!"

There are things, other than wine, that stir the depths of the most reserved and bring truth to the surface. That which had happened to the girl in the last few hours, that which had melted her into unwonted song, was of these things; and the tone of her voice as she repeated the word "Content!" the surrender of her eyes that placed her heart in his keeping, as frankly and unreservedly as she left her hands in his, proclaimed it. The reserves of her sex, the tricks of coyness and reticence men look for in maids, were shaken from her; and as man to man her eyes told him the truth, told him that if she had ever doubted she no longer doubted that she loved him. In the heart which a single passion, the purest and most noble of which men and women are capable, had hitherto engrossed, Nature, who, expel her as you will, will still return, had won her right and carved her kingdom.

And she knew it was well with her. To be lonely no more, to be no longer the protector always, but the protected; to know the comfort of the strong arm as well as of the following eye, the joy of receiving as well as giving; to know that however dark the future might lower, she had no longer to face it alone, no longer to plan and hope and fear and suffer alone, but with him—the sense of these things so mingled with her gratitude on her mother's account that the new affection, instead of weakening the old, became as it were part of it; while the old stretched onward its pious hand to bless and purify the new.

If Claude did not read all this in her eyes, and in that one word "Content!" he read so much that never devolved before relic rose more gently or more reverently to his feet. Because all was his he would take nothing. "As I stand by you may God stand by me," he said slowly, still holding her hands in his, with the table between them.

"I have no fear," she replied in a low voice. "Yet—if you fail, may He forgive you as fully as I must forgive you. That is your vow. What shall I say to you on my part, Messer Claude?"

"That you love me."

"I love you," she answered simply, but with an intonation which ravished the young man's heart and brought the blood to his cheeks. "I love you. What more?"

"There is no more," he cried. "There can be no more. If that be true nothing matters."

"No?" she said, beginning to tremble under a weight of emotion too heavy for her, following as it did the excitement and uncertainty of the night. "No?" she continued, raising her eyes, which had fallen before the ardor and passion of his gaze. "But there must be something you wish to ask me. You must wish to know—"

"I have heard what I wished to know."

"But—"

"Tell me what you please."

She stood in thought an instant; then, with

a sigh, "He came to me last evening," she said, "when you were at his house."

"Messer Blondel?"

"Yes, and wished me to procure for him a certain drug that Messer Basterga kept in his room."

Claude stared. "In a steel casket chained to the wall?" he asked.

"Yes. You knew of it, then? He had tried to procure it before through Louis, and on the pretence that the box contained papers needed by the State. Failing in that, he came last evening and told me the truth."

"The truth?" Claude asked, wondering. "But was it the truth?"

"It was." Her eyes, like stars on a rainy night, shone softly. "I have proved it."

"How?"

"It was a drug, he told me, possessing an almost miraculous power over disease of body or mind; so rare and so wonderful that none could buy it, and he knew of but this one dose, of which Messer Basterga had possessed himself. He begged me to take it and to give it to him. He had on him, he said, a fatal illness, and if he did not get this he must die." Her voice shook.

"You took it?"

"I took it." Her face as her eyes met his began to betray trouble and doubt. "I took it," she continued, trembling. "I have done wrong that good may come, God forgive me. I stole it."

His face betrayed his amazement, but he did not release her hands. "Why?" he said.

"To give to her," she answered. "I thought it was right then. I thought—Now, I don't know, I don't know!" she repeated. The shade on her face grew deeper. "I thought I was right then. Now—I am frightened." She looked at him with eyes in which her doubts were plainly mirrored. She shivered—she who had been so joyous a moment before—and her hands, which hitherto had lain passive in his, returned his pressure feverishly. "I fear now!" she exclaimed. "I fear! What is it? What has happened—in the last minute?"

He would have drawn her to him, seeing that her nerves were shaken; but the table was between them, and before he could move a faint sound caught his ear, a shadow fell between them, and, looking up, he discovered Basterga's face peering through the nearer casement. It was pressed close against the small leaded panes, and possibly it was this which by flattening the huge features imparted to them a look of malignity. Or the look—which startled Claude, albeit he was no coward—may have been only the natural expression of one who suspected what was afoot between them and came to mar it. Whatever it meant, the girl's stifled cry found its echo on Claude's lips. Involuntarily he dropped his hands, but—the action was symbolical of the change in her life—he stepped at the same moment between her and the door. Whatever she had done, right or wrong, was his concern now.

(To be continued)

The Guiding Lamp
By Nellie Frances Milburn

The light a moment faintly gleamed, then died;
"A foolish waste of oil!" men sneering cried;
Yet one lone traveller, who had lost his way,
Regained the footpath by that friendly ray.

The Old-Time Circus

THE FIRST touring tent-shows in this country boasted of neither bands nor band wagons, the performers parading on horseback in costume after the manner of the "mummers" of the stage in the same era. The pioneer Turners of Danbury, Connecticut, used a band wagon until it nearly fell apart and the musicians, through the economy of Napoleon B. Turner, were transferred to an ordinary box wagon, much to the disgust of George F. Bailey, who was the active director of the small outfit. This was in the early fifties, and Mr. Bailey, without authority, had a band wagon built at Cincinnati and shipped to Frankfort, Kentucky, and placed on a second-hand running-gear. While playing at Washington Mr. Bailey did himself proud by sending the band—and wagon—to serenade the President. The Chief Magistrate divided his compliments between the band and the wagon.

James Raymond, a successful American manager prior to 1842, had used two elephants in harness as a band team. In 1842 he visited Europe with Carter, the Lion King, and on his return organized for the road for the season of 1843 with four elephants drawing the band wagon. The pachyderms were named Virgilus, weighing 8,600 pounds; Hannibal, 9,000 pounds; Columbus, 9,300 pounds; Siam, 9,500 pounds.

In 1857, Tony Pastor was one of the band mounted on an elephant in the parade of Raymond & Waring's Menagerie. Antonio beat the bass drum and Bob Hale, the rest of the band, beat the cymbals. One day the lads fell out and in the way of variety beat each other, making a discord.

In 1849, Spaulding & Rogers presented novel features in their public parade, including the Apollonicon—a musical mechanical organ—drawn by forty horses four abreast, driven by one man. During the tour of New England in 1850, the business was so large and the spread of canvas so great that Dr. Spaulding invented the use of quarter-poles and was the first manager to put in seats eleven tiers high, with extra front seats running down to the ring.

In 1847, Seth B. Howes imported a drove of camels from Cairo, Egypt, and they appeared

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in harness in parade. In 1870, James French, with his Oriental Circus and Egyptian Caravan, made a free feature of a troupe of performing Arabs mounted on camels. During the seasons of 1852 and 1853 the firm of Seth B. Howes, P. T. Barnum and Lewis B. Lent showed in free exhibit ten elephants and a gorgeously carved and painted "Car of Juggernaut." In 1870, Adam Forepaugh had ten elephants behind the first band wagon, and kept increasing the number annually in competition with P. T. Barnum, until the rivals both advertised and produced "Over a Quarter of a Hundred."

Wild Animals on Parade

Open dens displaying wild beasts and their masters is an alluring attraction in the street spectacle. The late Charles W. Noyes of the firm of Thayer & Noyes, which flourished in the flush times of the Civil War, claimed that his management was the first to throw open the dens to public view in parade at Elmira, New York, where they were pressed by opposition and forced to the innovation by the ingenuity and persistency of their rivals.

The live lion and the lady on the tableau car in the parade for many years were the wonder of the onlookers and the subject of much curbstone comment, and were adopted by many managers.

With the growth of the shows and increase of the free street attractions, the managers looked about for something to draw the countrymen and townspeople to the exhibition lot. Levi J. North in his day made the undisputed claim that he was the first manager to give as a free performance "an ascension from the ground to the apex of the pavilion." The wire-walker was James McFarland.

In 1870, George W. De Haven sent up a balloon as "a great free outside attraction," and for several years thereafter he continued to use hot-air balloons as a free advertisement and attraction with the several shows with which he was connected. These affairs "went up like a rocket and came down like a stick," with frequent bodily injury to the daring "professors"—canvassmen who did not look a bit like the bold aeronauts of circus adjective or heroes of the air.

First Balloon Ascensions

During the seasons of 1874 and 1875, P. T. Barnum & Co., under the régime of William C. Coup, gave genuine balloon ascensions with Professor Washington H. Donaldson as aeronaut. The exhibitions being given for advertising purposes, Donaldson, accompanied by Grimwood, a Chicago newspaper man, ascended from Chicago, July 15, 1875, and both were lost in a fierce storm on Lake Michigan. In face of this terrible disaster, David S. Thomas, the press agent with the show, who had never before made an ascension alone, went up on the succeeding Saturday, and thereafter filled the bill satisfactorily several times until Professor King reported to supply the place of the unfortunate Donaldson.

During the season's tours of Lewis B. Lent and his winter occupancy of the New York Circus in Fourteenth Street, he made a contradiction from his competitors. His performers, the cream of the profession, did not appear in parade and his arrival announcement was heralded by a large first-class band discoursing most excellent music, drawn by beautiful horses in a great golden chariot gorgeous enough in its grandeur to convey the idea that it was made of the real stuff. Conditions were different then than later—or now. Circus patrons knew and appreciated the great artists of the arena—knew Robinson, Melville and Stickney as well as they knew Edwin Booth, Lotta or Maggie Mitchell.

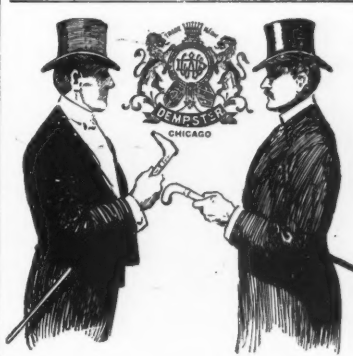
The Lion's Mouth



THE LION'S MOUTH is a department of COLLIER'S WEEKLY which distributes monthly prizes, aggregating in value \$329.00, with opportunities for cumulative winnings, the greatest of which amounts to \$1,000 in cash. The prizes in the April contest will be awarded for answers to the following questions:

1. Which of the four numbers published in April do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
2. Which article in these four numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
3. Which story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
4. Which drawing (this includes the cover) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
5. Which photograph, or series of photographs, do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
6. Which advertisement in the four numbers do you think needs improvement, and how?
7. Which feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
8. Which feature of the Household Number for May (issue of April 25) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
9. What feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, if any, is not to your liking, and why?
10. What suggestion can you make that, in your opinion, will improve COLLIER'S WEEKLY?

There is a booklet which tells all about this competition, and which may be had upon request to THE LION'S MOUTH. Some changes and improvements have been made in the scheme of competition since the booklet was printed; new competitors are therefore advised to look through the Editorial Bulletin of recent issues and to note these changes.



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Mark Twain as an Artist

William Dean Howells' Serial Story

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OTHER FEATURES OF THE MAY NUMBER

A portrait of "Father Knickerbocker," as conceived by Peter Newell, serves as a frontispiece, printed in four colors; Samuel Swift tells "Where New York Dines," and John Cecil Clay illustrates the subject; Lawrence Gilman reviews "The Music of the Year"; John Collins traces interestingly "The Lines of Progress in New York," and J. H. Sears writes about "The Meadowbrook Hunt Club." There will be the usual number of short stories, notes by John Kendrick Bangs, the editor, and some fifty or more illustrations, including sixteen pages of beautiful women's portraits printed in tints.

A REMARKABLE PICTURE The admirable frontispiece of the April Number of the from the Hudson River," has created so much favorable comment that we have made an enlarged reproduction for framing—four times the size of the frontispiece. It is printed on heavy coated paper and when properly framed has the effect of an excellent water color painting. The original painting by John Edward Jackson is unique in quality and masterful in execution, but has lost much of its beauty and detail by the reduction in size necessary for publication on a magazine page. The enlarged reproduction, on the other hand, is quite as good as the original, a triumph in color printing. The subscription price of the NEW METROPOLITAN is \$1.50 a year—15 cents a copy.

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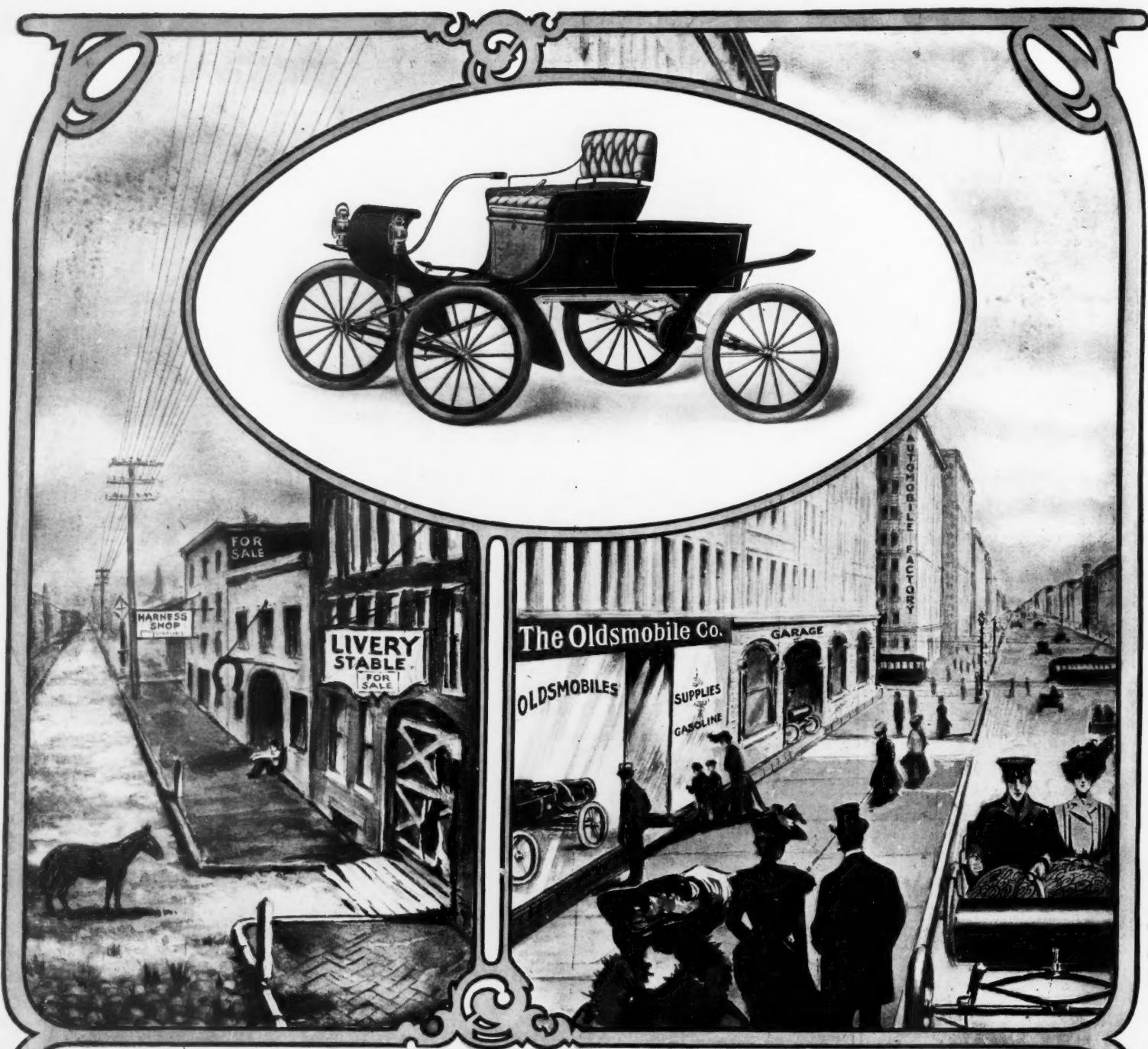
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